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No. 746J

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WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 3, 1904.

ENTERED AT
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Those practised in detecting the true from the false in the matter of alcoholic stimulants discern charm and accuracy of flavour in

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**£1,450
WORTH OF
INSURANCE
POLICIES
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(SEE PAGE 310)**

PEARSON'S

**TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.**

WEEKLY.

**10
INSURANCE
POLICIES
GIVEN AWAY
EVERY MONTH
(SEE PAGE 310)**

No. 746.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK STALLS.

WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 3, 1904.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.

WANTED TO HUNT, TOO.

A **BURGlar** who had entered a poor minister's house at midnight was disturbed by the awakening of the occupant of the room he was in. Drawing his revolver he said:

"If you stir, you are a dead man. I'm hunting for money."

"Let me get up and strike a light," said the minister, "and I'll hunt with you."

THE **HEAVY TRAGEDIAN**: "And right in the middle of my soliloquy I was struck by an idea." The **Low Comedian**: "Only an idea?"

BELLE: "Bertie has been going out with me these three months. Now, don't you think it is time he proposed?"

EMMA: "I can't say. He went out with my cousin six months before he proposed."

EASILY MANAGED.

JUDKINS: "I learn through your agent that you have bought the properties on either side of your residence and got them dirt cheap. How did you manage it?"

FOXLEY: "Easily enough. My wife is an elocutionist, my daughter plays the piano, George plays a cornet, I play the violin, Bob plays a banjo, Charley rattles the bones, and little Johnny has a drum."

ASKIM: "Is Trailer much of a detective?"
Tellum: "Is he not! He once discovered the plot of a comic opera."

"You can't do anything without money, my boy?"

"Oh, yes, you can."
"I'd like to know what?"
"Get in debt."

A GOOSE HIMSELF.

An **Irishman** taking home a goose for his Sunday dinner, went into an inn for slight refreshment. Laying down the goose, he was proceeding to satisfy his thirst when a seedy-looking individual, seizing the goose, made off. Pat at once started after him, and ere running far, had his man by the neck.

"What did yez take the bird for?" queried the irate Irishman.

"Sure," said the seedy-looking man, "I took it for a lark."

"Did yez?" returned Pat. "Begorra, ye'd make a bad judge at a bird show."

AMERICAN (proudly): "I understand that all your sons are engaged to American girls."

Lord Toplofty: "All but one, the eldest. He, being heir to the estate, can afford to marry an English girl."

"**JIMMY**," said the teacher, after reading the youngster's "note from his father" excusing Jimmy's absence from school the day before, "it seems to me your father's writing is very much like yours."

"Yes," replied Jimmy, unabashed; "father ain't had no education, and I'm learnin' him."

A PLEASANT REBUFF.

"I NEVER was rebuffed in so pleasant a way as on my last journey," said Joblots, the commercial traveller, lately. "I was just about to enter an office when I saw a staircase with a sign, 'This way for commercial travellers.'"

"I supposed the stairs led to the counting-house, so I went up and found myself in a long hall, with walls on which were painted boards directing the way."

"I passed through the hall, and came to a staircase leading down as another board pointed. I descended, and, opening the door at the lower step, found I was—in the street again."

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IF I WERE KING.

By Little Willie.

I wish that I could be a king—I tell you then there'd be

A lot of things made different that don't seem right to me.

I'd make it so a boy could play till ten o'clock at night

And never have to go to bed alone without a light;

And right in our back yard I'd have a lake all filled with fish,

Where I could go and hook them out whenever I would wish.

I wish that I could be a king—there's lots I'd like to do;

Aunt Lisa's teeth don't seem to fit—I'd get her some that's new;

I'd make it so a boy could go wherever he would please,

And not get whipped because he tore his trousers climbin' trees.

But, oh! the best 'o' all the things I'd do would be to let

Boys always eat their cake before the other things were 'at.

SHE: "Do you believe in love at first sight?"
He: "Ah, yes, my dear young lady. For after a second look we would not love at all."

HER MOTHER: "You will assume a grave responsibility when you marry my daughter. Remember she was brought up in the lap of luxury."
Her Adorer: "Oh, she's pretty well used to my lap now."

VERY ABSENT-MINDED.

A **NOTORIOUSLY** absent-minded lawyer rushed into a shop on a rainy day and bought and paid for an umbrella. Observant of the weather, the salesman did not wrap the purchase up, and the lawyer carried the umbrella as far as the door. There, placing his new purchase against the wall, he stopped to note something in a memorandum-book. Having finished this he started out, forgetting what he had bought.

Soon after, he rushed into another door of the same shop, and requested to be supplied with an umbrella.

"I thought I had one with me when I left home," he said apologetically, "but I must have forgotten to take it."

A second salesman sold him another umbrella, which he carried away. As he was about to leave the shop, the first man stopped him.

"You left your umbrella, sir," he said, holding up the original purchase.

"Dear me, so I did!" cried the unfortunate lawyer, "and I suppose I've got someone else's!" Thereupon he pushed the second purchase into the hand of the surprised shopman, seized the first he had bought, and dashed into the storm again.

"WHAT do you think is the most extraordinary invention of the age?"

"The phonograph," answered Mr. Meekton, promptly. "The way that machine stands and talks back to Henrietta positively takes my breath away."

KITCHEN MAID (at crockery shop): "What! only a half-crown tip? During the past year I have broken three soup tureens, twenty-six cups, thirty-five saucers, five meat dishes, and fifty-six plates."

Shopman: "Well, then, here's another florin; and don't forget me, you know."

SATISFIED HIM.

SHE: "Stop! You sha'n't kiss me to-night—at least, not before I have had an explanation. I heard to-day that you had been engaged to sixteen different girls."

He: "But that was before I had seen your angel face, my love."

She: "So it was, to be sure. I never thought of that."

SHE: "I value this watch you gave me more than any watch I've ever had."

He: "Ah, there's no time like the present."

"THERE is but one kind of rock that grows," said the professor. "Can any of you mention it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the Irish boy; "the sham-rock."

COOL REQUEST.

SCENE: Draper's shop in the Midlands.

Old Lady to Proprietor: "Do you pay carriage on parcels bought at your shop?"

Proprietor: "Oh, yes, ma'am, we pay carriage on all parcels over fifteen shillings. Will you allow us to send this one for you?"

Old Lady: "No, I won't trouble you this time; but I will take the sixpence that it would cost you for carriage, please."

ARTHUR: "I can read your thoughts, Miss Nancy."

Miss Nancy (cooly): "Then what makes you sit so far away?"

YOUNG MISTRESS: "See that the eggs are laid in a cool place, else they won't keep."

Bridget: "Very good, mum. I'll go and tell the hens, mum."

THE BEST COW HE HAD.

Nor many years ago a lad was employed to look after cows on a dairy farm. One day the master told him to give the best cow two feeds of turnips on Sunday morning.

The lad did as usual, and when he had finished feeding the cows he emptied two feeds of turnips in front of the pump. When his master came up he said:

"Now, John, what have you been after this morning? What do you mean by these lying here?"

John quietly replied:

"Well, master, you told me to give the best cow two feeds of turnips, so I did. I thought that was the best cow you had."

WILLIE: "Papa is going to let you marry sister."

Featherstone: "How do you know?"

Willie: "He said after all it was better than nothing."

"WHAT's his profession?" said the man with a wide range of taste.

"He's an artist."

"Yes, but what kind? Does he dance, paint pictures, or walk the tight rope?"

COLONEL AND KERNEL.

A **SHORT** time back Colonel Carr's gardener was going through the woods belonging to his master when he saw a man gathering nuts. As the Colonel had given strict orders that this was not to be permitted the gardener accosted the man.

"I've orders to keep all these nuts for the Colonel this year."

"That's all right," said the man, "I'm a-getting 'em for the kernel."

A week later the gardener came across the same man again.

"Look here," he said angrily. "You're not getting those nuts for the Colonel at all."

"I tell yer I was," was the emphatic reply. "Do you think I was getting 'em for the shells?"

In "The Heart of Things" in the November PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, Miss Olive Christian Malvery tells of her adventures among London's outcasts.



THE COMING OF THE PRINCESS.

By J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

OUTSIDE in the night it was wild and stormy, but there was warmth in the cottage. A real Irish peat fire glowed on the hearthstone and sent its smoke curling in white wreaths up the great open chimney.

On a stool in the ingle-nook Mrs. Mooney sat knitting. From time to time she looked up from her work to glance at her daughter Norah, a dark-eyed slip of a girl who was busying herself in setting some plates on the coarse white cloth which covered the table.

The girl's thoughts were obviously not set upon her present occupation, neither did they seem to be of a pleasurable nature; for now and again she raised her apron furtively to wipe away a tear, glancing apprehensively at her mother as she did so.

Mrs. Mooney affected unconsciousness for some time, but at length the pretence got upon her nerves, and at the thirteenth repetition of the aforesaid action she burst forth into indignant speech.

"Arrah, Norah, what do be the matter wid yer?" she inquired. "Isn't it good for ye, girl, that ye're goin' to be the wife of the finest boy in the country, that ye go snivellin' there! Dry yer eyes and look pleasant."

Her admonitions did not appear to have any great effect upon the girl. If anything, they increased rather than diminished her sobs. Observing this, the old lady rose and came over to her.

"What if he is goin' to the harvest in England," she continued in rather a trembling voice. "Isn't he coming back? And isn't England a place where ye can pick up gold in the streets for the askin'?"—and isn't—me dear, me dear, me heart's breakin' for ye."

Her effort at consolation faded miserably into sobs, and it was her daughter's turn to act the consoler.

"Ah, mother dear, don't be cryin' so," she said softly. "He'll come back."

"Come back," said her mother with an effort after cheerfulness, "and why wouldn't he? With the best and kindest girl in the whole country waitin' for him. Bad cess to the hard times that are drivin' him away. But hurry now, me dear, and get the table ready. Sure yer father's been sellin' the pig, and there's no knowin' the minute he'll be home."

Both women set to work to lay out the table. There was little to do, yet they lingered over it. Tacitly they avoided further reference to a painful subject, speaking instead of the wonderful doings reported up at the castle, where Lord Killarvey was entertaining a house party.

"Great doings," said Mrs. Mooney appreciatively, "great doings. All them fine folks assembled to meet a young lady that's comin' over from England. They do say that she's wonderfully beautiful, and faith I'm thinkin' she's the lady Lord Killarvey's wantin'."

"Sure he won't go wantin' long," responded Norah heartily, "and him such a fine young man. But there! Some folks is born upon the pig's back."

"Mebbe they have their troubles, though 'tis hard to see them," answered her mother; "anyhow 'tis said the young lady's a great beauty and very rich. John Connolly was to drive the trap over to the station this afternoon and meet her."

"Then I'm wishin' her safe at the Castle," said Norah, puckering her brows slightly in concern. "John Connolly's a fine driver when he's sober, and that's seldom. If his lordship knew—"

"Arrah, who's to tell him?" said the mother, "Connolly's well liked."

Their conversation was interrupted by the opening of the door. The wind swept in with a gust, bringing a man with it. He turned and slammed the door into position again, holding his shoulder against it as he let the latch fall into position.

"Pat," said Mrs. Mooney. "Is it yerself? And have ye sold the pig?"

"I have," answered the man shortly.

"And what will ye be gettin' for it?"

"Three pounds five is what I got for it."

"Three pounds five. Musha, is that all?"

"That's all. And if I hadn't taken it I might have brought the crayture home again."

The trouble on his face was reflected in that of the woman's.

"It won't pay what we're owin' for the rent," she said.

"Well I know it," answered the man gloomily, "let alone Hennessy, that I'm owin' four pounds to."

He glanced at his daughter's tearful face. "'Tis easy for ye to cry, Norah," he went on; "if ye'd had any sense ye'd have taken up with a warm man like Hennessy instead of young Conn there, that hasn't done a hand's turn of work these six months."

The girl straightened herself indignantly.

"'Tis not Conn's fault," she said. "There's no work to be had."

"And that's true for ye," said her mother, bustling to the table with a plate of "stirabout"—the Indian meal porridge that had been boiling before the fire. "And as for ye, Pat, ye'd be better gettin' yer supper than crossing the poor girl."

For answer Patrick applied himself to the stirabout, and for a time there was silence.

"I met Doctor Brown comin' home," he remarked at last; "he's a great man."

"A great man, is it?" said his wife. "Faith, then, I wish he was a great doctor. 'Tis only two months since he come here to see me, and me that hoarse with the cold I was nearly kilt. And he seen the ould iron ring we dug up in the potato field. Sorra a bit he'd look at me at all for lookin' at the ring."

"'Tis Milesian," he says, "it belongs to them that's dead and gone long ago, and 'tis of great age." "Doctor," I says, "I'm wishin' I was dead meself and then perhaps ye'd look at me."

"And what did he say to that?" asked Norah, a little shocked at her mother's freedom with the doctor.

"Mrs. Mooney," he says, "'tis true for ye. 'Tis things of great age I'm interested in, so, of course, I couldn't be lookin' at a young thing like yerself."

"Faith, he has the pleasant tongue," said her husband, "but lamed he is above everything. He was tellin' me the story of the big mound over by the churchyard."

"The Queen's mound?" said Norah in a whisper.

"The same," answered the father. "Instinctively he had lowered his voice and he told the tale with furtive glances over his shoulder at the window, beyond which the storm raged wildly."

"Long ago," began the man, "before the days of the blessed St. Patrick himself, a great Princess lived in these parts. And the great O'Rouark, King of Munster, was in love with her. But the Princess couldn't get on with O'Rouark at all, by reason of wantin' to marry another young lad she had a fancy for. So the King called in a wise woman, one that could command the good people and the spirits, and even, they say, could raise the Devil himself."

"The Lord save us!" ejaculated Mrs. Mooney, while Norah swiftly crossed herself.

"And this woman cast the Princess into a sleep," went on the man, "and laid her in a chamber under the great mound that stands by the churchyard to this day. And the young man she turned into a swan. And in this way was O'Rouark's vengeance complete; for he had sworn that if he didn't have her no one else should. There she sleeps under the great mound as young and beautiful as ever she was, waitin' for the awakening. For one day the spell'll be broken. The swan will come back to the mound. And on that day the Princess will awaken and they'll see each other again."

He ceased and there was silence. Both his hearers had felt the curious earnestness with which he told the tale.

Then Norah spoke.

"That'll be the great meetin'," she said. "It's meself 'd like to see it."

"See it!" roared her father. "I wouldn't see it for a hundred pounds. Spirits, no less! A swan come back into a man's shape and a woman awake after a sleep of hundreds of years. 'Tis would not be good to see."

A knock was heard at the door.

"What'll that be?" said Mrs. Mooney in a whisper.

"'Tis Conn's knock," said Norah, recovering herself. "I thought he'd be comin'."

She walked across the room and unlatched the door. It swung in with the force of the wind and the young man stepped inside.

"Conn," said Mrs. Mooney, "what do ye out on a night like this?"

"And why wouldn't I come?" he responded, "with the ship sailing for England to-morrow and me last chance for a word with the colleen here."

He put his arm round Norah and looked down into her face.

"Ye'll not forget me, dear?" he said.

"Forget you!" answered Norah, looking up. "Ah, Conn, why should ye think it of me?"

"Indeed and with little reason," he said gloomily. "Sure it's leavin' ye that's breakin' me heart. It's bitter hard. And I'm feelin' the luck's against me to-night. I saw a quare thing as I came along."

"And what was that?" said Mrs. Mooney.

"I was passing the lake," said Conn. "There was a bit of moon shinin' through the clouds and I heard the beatin' of wings. I looked up, and sure enough, there against the patch of moonlight was a great swan flyin'."

He looked at his hearers, at a loss to account for their consternation.

"What is it?" he stammered. "What is it ails ye?"

"Which way was it flyin'?" said Mooney in a whisper.

"Towards the ould church there? For Heaven's sake—"

His voice broke off sharply in the silence. He gazed in wild astonishment at Norah. The girl's lips were parted, her eyes stared as if at some far-off vision, and her bosom rose and fell hurriedly.

"It's himself come back," she whispered; "himself, the Prince, come back in the rain and the dark. He'll meet her where she sleeps and kiss her—and she'll awaken—she'll awaken—"

Her voice broke off in a wild scream as a second knock was heard at the door.

"'Tis someone knockin'," said Conn. "Faith 'tis a wild night to be out. I'll let them in."

He made a step to the door, but Norah caught him by the arm.

"Don't," she panted, "don't, I'm so frightened."

"But who is it at all?" he asked amazed.

"'Tis the Princess. The Princess come out of her grave where she's lain for hundreds of years. Oh, Conn, don't open."

Another knock was heard. Mooney raised his voice solemnly.

"Pass on there in the name of the Saints," he said. "Pass on and trouble not this house."

Again the knocking.

"Stand back there," said Conn roughly, infected by their terror whilst not understanding it. "I'll open." He crossed the room and threw the door wide. Outside was nothing but the darkness and he fell back staring.

"'Tis nothing," he said, and the words died on his lips as a tall girl entered the room and stood within the circle of the firelight.

She stood for a moment without speaking. The flicker of the firelight gave her an air of unreality as if indeed she were the poor ghost they took her for. Her light dress, drenched by the rain, clung round her, revealing the slender lines of her figure. She advanced a step or two into the room and looked at its occupants. They were whispering together as if in fear, and seeing this, a puzzled look came into her face.

"What is the matter, good people?" she asked. Her voice was light and silvery in its tone, but the speech seemed to startle them visibly.

"I dare say you're surprised to see me," she went on. "Have I startled you? I'm so sorry. Who did you think I was?"

"Sure we know your ladyship quite well," said poor Norah, anxious to propitiate this unearthly visitant.

"Know me?" said the stranger; "but I haven't been in this country for—oh—ever so long."

Her audience exchanged glances. Here was fresh confirmation.

"We know that, too, your ladyship. And ye saw the swan then?"

"How curious! I did see a swan, half an hour ago. By the old church."

There was a further silence. The lady was evidently becoming annoyed.

"What is the matter?" she said. "You all look as though you'd seen a ghost. Tell me. How far is it to Lord Killarvey's?"

"And what will yer ladyship be wantin' at Killarvey Castle?" inquired Mooney in true Irish fashion, answering one question by putting another.

"I'm going there," answered the lady. "I arrived at Kilbeg station this afternoon. I understood I was to be met by the trap, but when I got there there was no trap. So as the afternoon was fine, I left my luggage and started to walk. I was tired and fell asleep by the church there. When I awoke it was night and I sought shelter here. Now tell me, how far is it to the Castle?"

She was hardly prepared for the relief which her speech brought to her hearers. Mooney laughed joyously, Mrs. Mooney joined in, and Norah clasped her hands together and stole a glance at Conn.

"Sure it's only the English lady after all," said Mooney.

"That's all," said the visitor with a suspicion of a smile. "I'm sorry to disappoint you. You appear to have been expecting someone of real importance."

"And we thinking her—Arrah come to the fire and warm yerself, miss," said Mrs. Mooney, suddenly recalled to a sense of hospitality neglected.

"'Tis four miles on to the Castle, miss," said Mooney, "and ye couldn't go on yerself a night like this. But if ye'll sit ye down, Conn here'll go on there and tell them ye're with us."

"I shall be much obliged to you," the visitor said, "if it won't be too much trouble."

"No trouble at all, miss," answered Conn civilly. But his face expressed his chagrin. It was hard to be turned out on this his last night.

"Well," he said lamely, "it's good-bye, Norah."

"Good-bye, Conn," she responded.

Still he lingered, he would have liked a last embrace. Kind-hearted Mrs. Mooney put a stop to his embarrassment.

"Arrah, give the girl a kiss and be done with it," she said. "Sure the lady won't mind, seein' it's yer last night."

"Oh, pray don't mind me," said the girl, turning and using the conventional form. Something she saw in the lovers' faces silenced her for a moment and when she went on it was in a more serious tone. "You are leaving her?" she asked of Conn.

"Yes, yer ladyship."

"And why?"

"There's no work doin', yer ladyship; and I'm going to England to-morrow to find it."

"If you could get work in Ireland would you go?"

"I would not," Conn replied stoutly. "But what's the use of talkin'? Haven't I tried? Go I must."

"And yet on your last evening together you were going to go out and do my message? Oh, but you must not. You must stay. I'll stay the night here and I'll go on to the Castle to-morrow."

"Glad we'd be to have yer ladyship," said Mrs. Mooney, "but 'tis too poor a place for ye altogether. Give Norah her kiss, Conn, like a good lad, and be off with ye. Sure ye'll see her again when ye get back from the harvest."

"Go, dear," said Norah.

"There's no need," cried Conn in sudden excitement. His quick ear had caught the sound of wheels coming along the road. "That's his lordship's mare comin' now. I'd know her step among a hundred. Let's out and stop him."

The sound of the mare's footsteps came rapidly nearer. They ceased as she was pulled up, and a voice cried:

"Hollo, there! Cottage!"

"'Tis his lordship himself," cried Conn, rushing to open the door. He flung it open in time to admit a tall man wrapped closely in white waterproofing. He glanced round as he entered. The lady by the fire had risen.

"Miss Averil," said Killarvey, his eyes lighting with pleasure. "You here? We've been searching the country for you. We were all so upset at the Castle. The trap we sent to meet you was upset and the groom only got home an hour ago. I'm afraid the rascal was intoxicated. I'll discharge him to-morrow. I must get another."

"Will you do me a favour, then?" she asked with a smile.

"Name it."

"Let me recommend a man for the post."

"I shall take your wish as a command."

"Then give it to this young man," said Miss Averil, pointing to Conn. "He's a protégé of mine."

"He's a fortunate man," said his lordship. "Can you drive?" he asked sharply, turning to Conn.

"I can, yer lordship."

"Very well. Come up and see me to-morrow. Now, Miss Averil—"

He stood aside holding the door open. The girl bowed slightly, acknowledging his action. But before she left, she came up to Norah and kissed her.

"I hope you will be very happy," she said, putting her arms round her. A moment later she had slipped something into her hand. "A little present for the wedding; you mustn't refuse." Before the girl could speak, she was gone.

"'Tis five shillings she's given me," she cried suddenly opening her hand to look at the coins. They gleamed redly in the firelight. "Pounds," she faltered. "Oh, Conn."

"And we takin' her for a princess," said Conn. "And she only an English lady after all."

"An English lady," cried Mooney excitedly. "An English lady is it? And Conn to find work here and Hennessy paid and Norah married! No, no! A Princess! A Princess of Ireland has been with us this night."

Coal-Cellars that Protect Britain.



How the World's
Secret War Weapons
and Royal
Jewels are Guarded.

Britain has Some
Explosive Mines Under the Thames.

And the Germans Protect Themselves with a Land
Ironclad.

In the event of war no alien army could approach our shores without imperilling its navy by encountering the Brennan torpedo—the most formidable engine for harbour attack and defence that exists in the world.

John Bull possesses a monopoly of this war weapon, and the secrets of its mechanism are so jealously guarded by him that only the highest officials at the Admiralty have inspected its interior from nose to tail, though a large number of Navy men know how to fire it.

The Brennan dirigible torpedo is operated from shore, or from a point out at sea whence its movements can be directed and controlled. During its evolutions it remains hidden below the surface, its position being indicated by a small flag-staff cutting its way through the waves. Its speed is far greater than that of the fastest torpedo boat or cruiser, and a hostile ship coming within its range possesses no chance of escape whatever.

The best under-water explosive mines are those belonging to John Bull; and the secrets of their whereabouts and manipulation are rigidly kept close.

MINES IN THE THAMES.

Not so very long ago a certain weekly paper stated that Britain's explosive mines were under the charge of ordinary Government labourers earning 35s. a week! To anyone who knows anything at all about fighting Britain, this is an absolute absurdity.

Strange stories were also told by the periodical under notice of attempts made by foreign spies to penetrate the privacy of these mysterious mines. A German was alleged to have contrived to locate the entrance to one of the mines at the mouth of the Thames with the help of a member of the Bill Sikes fraternity—a story which strongly savours of the ridiculous.

It is a fact that there are numerous mines in the Thames, one of them being in the vicinity of Blackfriars.

It is supposed that an innocent-looking cellar at the basement of a tradesman's shop is the entrance to this particular mine, but the tradesman is not aware of this, nor does he know who rents his cellar, or the true nature of the operations carried on therein.

HOW THE MINES ARE PROTECTED.

At the further end of the cellar is a door, so admirably made that it looks like a portion of the brick wall, and it opens upon a circuitous passage which leads to a secret chamber from where the mine is controlled. The chamber is about eight feet square with white stone walls.

Let into a crevice of the floor is a tiny lever, and a pressure upon this opens a door on the north wall, disclosing a cupboard containing two bone buttons and printed particulars relating to the location and character of the mine.

The door of the cupboard so closely resembles the wall of the chamber that no one but those in the secret could detect its presence. The buttons are connected by means of electric wires with the mine, which is equipped with explosives of the most potent kind.

The chambers are double locked, and every lock and key is specially made for the Government, and is unlike any other constructed. Only one or two of the highest officials at the Admiralty are allowed the use of the keys, and they are solemnly sworn not to divulge their use to a second party.

SHIP THAT DESTROYS MINES.

Standing in one of the American naval docks is a vessel called the *Vesurius*. It was secretly constructed some years ago to clear any harbour mines in a few hours, and only a dozen chiefs of the American Navy are aware of the contents of the hold, which is secured by means of a double-locked steel hatch.

Within the hold is machinery which works an appliance similar to a mud-dredger, clawing the mines and their shore connecting gear out of position and rendering them useless.

It has been tested times out of number with unqualified success, and it is believed that nothing yet designed in the shape of a submarine mine could possibly escape it.

In the event of the *Vesurius* being unable to approach a mine and use its dredges, special dynamite cartridges have been designed which, upon being

discharged from the bows, explode at any required distance, and cause the explosion of the mine at the same time.

Another of Uncle Sam's secret war weapons is an ironclad specially designed for ramming. The *Ram*, as the vessel is called, is practically a mass of steel, with hardly any accommodation beyond that set aside for her engines and crew. The solid steel ram at her bows could stove in the sides of the largest and most powerful man-of-war built.

Germany has recently built an extraordinary war engine. It is a kind of land ironclad, being a movable fort on wheels. It is built of impenetrable thick steel with long spikes sticking out like a porcupine.

From scores of openings in the walls the noses of big guns peep out. These guns are secret man-killers, and are calculated to beat the record in the quick discharge of bullets. They can fire no fewer than 30,000 in a single minute.

The world's Royal jewels are as much looked after as its secret war weapons, and stringent measures are adopted for their protection in times of both peace and war.

Take the priceless gems belonging to Nicholas II. and his family. Before the war broke out between Russia and Japan the majority of the jewels were lying about in their satin-lined cases in boudoirs and dressing-rooms, now they are stored in a monster strong room many feet below the Royal Palace at St. Petersburg.

GUARDING THE SHAH'S PRECIOUS STONES.

Not only has the strong-room burglar and dynamite-proof doors, but it is guarded day and night by a body of army officers, 100 strong, who, with loaded revolvers and drawn swords, are ready at any moment to repel an attack upon the treasure house.

The Shah of Persia owns more precious stones than any other monarch or commander in the world. He keeps £2,000,000 worth in a glass jar in his bedroom, but the remainder of his jewels, to the value of many millions, are locked in a huge safe at his palace at Teheran, and a body of fifty men find employment in guarding it.

Standing on the banks of the River Tiber is a curious looking fort. Within it is a staircase which leads to an underground strong-room, bounded on two sides by the river, where the jewels of Italy's King are hidden.

In the event of war the fort can be removed, and the approaches to the secret vault entirely hidden. Only the King himself and two or three of his Court know precisely where the strong-room is situated.

JEWELS HIDDEN UNDER THE DANUBE.

The Bulgarian jewels are hidden in a castle which stands on the banks of the Danube. It is guarded by a small army of soldiers, but not even the officers know where the jewels, to the value of a million pounds, are hidden.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra do not wear real gems very often. For safety's sake they wear paste jewels which are exact copies of the valuable originals. The real stones repose somewhere in the recesses of Windsor Castle, and are carefully guarded by the finest detectives of the day, who reside in the Castle as ordinary officials.

The Crown jewels in the Tower of London are similarly protected, but in the event of a hostile army and navy attacking our shores, they would possibly be taken to Windsor Castle and hidden in the underground strong-rooms there.

There is an old law still in force which states that those persons through whose carelessness any of the Crown jewels might be stolen shall be put to death. This law, which would not be carried out nowadays, was made to prevent treason on the part of the guardians.

WILLIS: "I'd hate to be as hard up as Broke seems to be."

Miss Wallace: "What leads you to think he is hard up?"

"Why, he's been to me ten times this week to get that five shillings I borrowed from him six months ago."

NEW SERIAL ROMANCE.

PROBABLY most readers have heard of the remarkable serial story which is now drawing to a conclusion in *SMITH'S WEEKLY*, entitled "The Clatter of the Clogs." It has created an enormous amount of interest by reason of the dramatic manner in which it portrays life in the Midlands and North.

This story is being followed by another one of equal interest from the pen of Blanche Eardley, the young writer whose "Tinsel Triumphs" every reader of *P.W.* will remember.

The title of her new story is "Fortune's Wheel," and the first instalment appears in *SMITH'S WEEKLY*, published on Tuesday, October 25th. On no account should this first instalment be missed, for it is a fascinating story in itself, even if you do not read further.

SMITH'S WEEKLY costs a penny, and consists of thirty-two pages of most interesting and popular reading matter. Order a copy to-day.

TRADESMEN WHO LIKE LOVERS.

Shops Made Successful by Sweethearts.

MANY tradesmen rely on the support of engaged couples for a large portion of their business. Without the help of lovers many shopkeepers would have to close their shops.

A seaside florist recently made the confession that his now flourishing business has prospered chiefly because he has for some years past cultivated the patronage of sweethearts. His success was initiated by a methodical and ingenious plan.

Finding, soon after starting, that his general business in wreaths, bouquets, and so forth, was rather meagre, he decided to try to develop a quick counter trade in "buttonholes" for gentlemen, and flowers for ladies' personal adornment.

In addition to dressing his windows tastefully with goods of this kind, he made a point of giving away some very fine specimens to friends. He was especially generous with these gifts on the occasion of a ball or other social gathering where the flowers were sure to be noticed, admired, and talked about.

In this way his fame was spread abroad. Young men who received his gifts, by way of a little recompense, bought flowers for their sweethearts. Girls who were favoured with flowers by the florist's wife, bought "buttonholes" for their beaux.

By these means a good connection was established, until soon the business became independent of such adventitious aids. Between 300 and 400 "buttonholes" are often sold over the counter now in one day, and ninety per cent. of the customers are sweethearts.

A restaurant keeper not a hundred miles from Birmingham says that he depends largely on "spooney couples," as he calls them, for his livelihood. They assist him considerably in two quite different departments of his business.

The chocolate bill from the wholesaler, which he has to meet, runs to about £15 every month. Out of this he calculates at least three-fourths are paid by sweethearts.

In the refreshment branch, too, he craftily caters for cooing clients. Tables and screens, indoors, and al fresco arbours for purely summer use, are artfully contrived to give the semi-privacy which lovers like when taking a meal together. As a direct result the restaurant has become a favourite one among sweetheating pairs, and the proprietor prospers accordingly.

The jeweller is another tradesman who keeps a loving eye on courting couples.

Young men are often adroitly solicited to place their order for the engagement ring. Sometimes a direct attack is made. More often a flanking movement is favoured.

The following is a not uncommon dodge resorted to by the more pushing grade of jeweller:

The proprietor, perhaps, does no soliciting himself, but he has an assistant who is an adept in indirect touting. This individual visits dances, parties, soirées, churches, chapels, and bazaars. He knows all the local social gossip, including all the love affairs of the neighbourhood and what engagements are likely to be contracted.

When he hears of an acquaintance who is getting very sweet on any particular girl, he follows the love-sick gentleman up. He chats with him when opportunity offers—perhaps he plays a game of billiards with him at the club, taking care that the little finger of the hand which supports his cue is adorned with a lady's sparkling engagement ring.

In any case the subject of rings is incidentally broached, and a sample is casually shown. The sample is generally one which the wily assistant has been commissioned to get "for a friend." If the present gentleman would like one procured at the same greatly reduced rate (practically cost price), "no doubt it could be managed."

Favours—as they call them—of this kind are often conferred by assistants on the general public who, of course, really pay the ordinary retail price, the same as they would do in a shop. The assistant reaps his benefit in the form of a good premium on each sale paid willingly enough by his astute employer.

In many trades it is often necessary for shopkeepers to buy a class of goods quite distinct from their ordinary requirements, in order for them to be able to meet the needs of lovers.

This is especially noticeable at Christmas time. Such a present-giving period, and ever-recurring birthdays as well, enable many tradesmen to purchase goods which otherwise they would be afraid to touch.

For instance, a tobacconist whose ordinary trade consists chiefly of cheap tobaccos, twopenny cigars, inferior cigarettes, and sixpenny or shilling briars, can sometimes sell a half-guinea meerschaum, or a guinea cigarette-case.

His men customers do not buy these luxuries, or but very seldom. He does not stock many, but what high-class articles he does sell are bought mostly by girls to give to their lovers.

It is the same in the men's outfitting business. The hosier who does a pushing, medium class trade could not afford to stock half-crown neckties, or half-guinea silk mufflers were it not for the fact that he is able to dispose of them to the girls who buy them for presents.

Questions Worth Answering.

Who Offered a Carriage as the Price of an Introduction?

In December, 1812, when Napoleon, after his disastrous Russian expedition, made his secret and hurried journey from Smorgoni to Paris, the following incident occurred: At Gragom the snow lay too thick for the Emperor's carriage to proceed, and Count Wonsowicz was informed by the postmaster that a Pole, M. Wibeski, living near had lately ordered a most convenient travelling carriage, mounted on runners, for his newly married daughter.

At first the Pole refused the most pressing offers for its purchase, but when he learnt that the carriage was required for the Emperor's use, he not only yielded, but asked as its price that he might be presented to the Emperor. Napoleon complied, but unwilling to accept the carriage as a gift, he gave orders that a thousand ducats (£400) should be handed to the owner.

What Animals Never Die?

At the very bottom of the scale of Nature lies a vast class of organisms, so simple in form that naturalists hesitate whether the vegetable or the animal kingdom has the more right to number them among its subjects.

These animals may be said never to die. Their constitution is so simple and so easily adaptable that they never suffer from disease, and the laws of their being forbid them to grow old. Sexless, they propagate themselves by fission, separating into two or more segments, each of which is perfectly alive and independent.

What is the Origin of the "Crooked Billet" Sign?

A "billet" is a stick or log cut for fuel, probably from bole, the trunk of a tree, "o" changing to "i" to express diminution. The "Crooked Billet" is a sign for which antiquarians have been unable to discover any certain origin. It may have been originally a ragged staff, or a pastoral staff, or a baton cornu, the ancient name for a battle-axe. Frequently the sign is represented by an untrimmed stick suspended above the door, as at Wold Newton, near Bridlington, where on one side appear these lines:

When this comical stick grew in the wood,
Our ale was fresh and very good.
Step in and taste! O, do make haste,
For if you don't, 'twill surely waste.

On the other side:

When you have viewed the other side,
Come read this, too, before you ride;
And now to end we'll let it pass,
Step in, kind friends, and take a glass.

This rustic sign was used also in towns—e.g., in Holloway Lane, Shoreditch, in 1683.

Why do the Heart Muscles Never Tire?

It is generally supposed that the heart is an organ which never takes a rest. But this is not so; the muscles of the heart are not incessantly working. The heart contains four chambers, two upper, called the auricles, and two lower, the ventricles. In the beating of the heart the auricles first contract, and force the blood into the ventricles; they then relax, while the ventricles repeat the process. Then follows a pause, during which the heart is perfectly at rest.

The contraction of the auricles takes one-fifth of the time between one beat and the next, the contraction of the ventricles two-fifths, and the pause two-fifths; so that the heart is really resting two-fifths of its time. Sleep also aids in relieving the muscles of the heart, as it considerably diminishes the rapidity of its action.

This alternation of rest and activity endows the heart muscles with their capacity for untiring work.

Why do We Grow Grey?

As age advances the hair grows grey by a natural process, but this may be much hastened by severe anxiety or other causes, and in many instances premature blanching of the hair is hereditary. As the change is taking place hairs may often be found which are white at their bases, but retain their colour at their ends.

Brown-Séquard kept a constant watch on some of the hairs of his own beard whilst it was turning grey, and found that at times an entire hair would change in the course of a night. This loss of colour seems to be due partly to a loss of power to produce pigment, and partly to the presence of air in the hair shafts.

Which Sovereign is Called "His Apostolic Majesty"?

The title of "Apostolic Majesty" is borne by the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary. Hungary was ruled by dukes from its conquest by the Magyars to the year 1000, the regal title being assumed first by Vaik, whose education had been instructed by his father Geyza, who had married a Christian princess, to Adalbert, Bishop of Prague. On succeeding his father, Vaik embraced and established

Christianity, applied for, and received from Pope Sylvester II. the title of "Apostolic King," was crowned as Stephen I., and afterwards known as St. Stephen.

The title was renewed by Clement XIII. in 1758, in favour of the Austro-Hungarian house, and though abolished in 1848, was re-assumed as "Apostolic Majesty" in 1851, and restricted in 1868, to the Austrian Emperor in his character as King of Hungary. The privilege of being preceded by a cross-bearer was granted with the original title.

Why does Water Expand both at Freezing and at Boiling Point?

A strange fact in connection with water is that its point of greatest density is not the freezing point, as with all other liquids, but between the two extremes of its existence as a liquid, at 39.2 degrees Fahrenheit. From this point water necessarily expands with either decrease or increase of temperature.

At the boiling point the conversion of the liquid into gas steam is naturally accompanied by an enormous expansion, its volume increasing 1,700 times. But the behaviour of water at the freezing point is as remarkable, owing to the peculiar crystalline formation of ice. The process of expansion is uniform from 39.2° downwards to 32°. When that point is reached the temperature remains stationary during the loss of latent heat, but the expansion continues until, when ice becomes visible, it is seen to be bulkier than the water from which it was formed.

Whence Comes the Phrase "A Kettle of Fish"?

The phrase, "a kettle of fish," meaning an awkward entanglement, most probably has no connection with our word kettle, a vessel in which water is boiled. It has been with much reason derived from the word "kiddle," French "quidell," a stake fence set in a stream for catching fish. Inspector Walpole reminds us that this kiddle net, or kiddle, was mentioned in Magna Charta, and in other early statutes.

What was the Origin of Brandy?

Brandy, which was first distilled in France in 1343, was originally used only as a medicine, and from its strengthening and reviving powers, physicians named it *eau de vie*, water of life.

The most famous brandy is distilled at Cognac, a district in the West of France, from the choicest wines. It is distinguished from other ardent spirits by its light, cordial, and stomachic properties. When first distilled it is colourless, but when placed in casks the spirit takes up the colouring matter of the wood, and acquires a light sherry tint, which is often deepened by burnt sugar and other admixtures.

Was the Lady's Portion Ever Included in a Marriage Notice?

It was a common custom in the eighteenth century, especially during the reign of George II., to insert notices of marriage stating the bride's portion, in contemporary periodicals and newspapers, both in England and Scotland.

Almost every number of the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE at that time contained several of these records, of which the following, in 1731, is a specimen: "Married, the Revd. Mr. Roger Wains, of York, about twenty-six year of age, to a Lincolnshire lady, upwards of eighty, with whom he is to have £8,000 in money, £300 per annum, and a coach and four, during life only."

Sometimes the notice merely describes the bride as a lady with a "good portion," or a "genteel fortune." One of the latest notices was in ARIS' BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE, July 14th, 1800, which recorded the marriage of Mr. Canning, Under Secretary of State, to Miss Scott, "with £100,000 fortune."

What is the Strength of Bone?

Bone is of two kinds, compact and spongy. As the result of careful experiments, it has been shown that compact bone is twice as strong as oak, considered simply as building material. In the shaft of a long bone it is in reality much stronger than this, for it is arranged on the advantageous principle of the hollow pillar, which gives the fullest resisting power with the least possible expenditure of substance.

The delicate layers and bars of spongy bone are arranged on the principle of an arch, enabling very considerable pressures to be resisted. It was found that a cubic inch of this tissue, taken from the lower end of the thigh-bone, and weighing only fifty-four grains, was quite uninjured by a dead weight of 448lb.

The curved bones which roof in the skull are constructed to resist great pressure, while they check the transmission of shocks to the brain. Arranged in the form of a dome, they consist of compact bones, with a spongy layer between. These are known as the "tables" of the skull. The outer and inner tables are immensely strong, while the middle table serves as a buffer by which the force of blows is distributed.

COUNTING CARS ON SUNDAY.

How Railway Companies Check the Numbers of their Rolling Stock.

STOCKTAKING occurs on all our railways at irregular intervals, sometimes yearly, but in the majority of cases there are periods of three, four, or five years between.

The stock is taken on Sunday, and in the summer time, for the reasons that fewer trains are running on that day of the week, and the summer day is longer than that of any other season. When you remember the extent of some of the biggest lines in the Kingdom, you will understand that a fairly long day is needed for the task.

Preparation for this stocktaking begins a long time before the actual date.

The line is first mapped out into districts, and enumerators are allotted to each district. Private firms are notified and requested to have their sidings quite free of access, and a host of other details have to be arranged.

The plant superintendent is responsible for everything on wheels, except locomotives, and the number of carriages and trucks runs into many thousands, so it will be seen that his job on stocktaking Sunday is not a light one. Carriages do not cause much trouble, comparatively, it is in dealing with trucks that difficulties chiefly arise.

At an early hour in the morning the enumerators commence to make up their inventory sheets. All sidings are visited, every nook and corner, so to speak, is looked into, and the number of trucks noted with their distinctive number or marks.

Locomotives are placed at the service of the enumerators to enable them to get from one part of their district to some other part without avoidable loss of time. And, when it is all over, the lists are forwarded to headquarters for examination and comparison with the books.

At first glance it scarcely seems likely that trucks should disappear. What about the daily returns? Do they not show the whereabouts of the rolling stock? How is it possible for any vehicle to vanish? All these questions sound reasonable enough, but there are inexplicable occurrences in the best regulated concerns.

There is a smash up one day, or trucks catch fire, or go to the bottom of a river; in the confusion, an incorrect return of the number of trucks totally done for, or sent to the repairing shops, or both, is made to the plant superintendent. Probably the error is not discovered, and this is made more likely by the mistake of a painter, who painted the same number on two trucks, or actually painted consecutive numbers on the two sides of one truck, a thing which has happened more than once.

There are always a certain number of vehicles laid up for repairs; many trucks and coaches remain for a long time in one of the company's sidings; omission to make an entry that a truck has been left in the siding of a private firm; all these circumstances contribute to the making of mistakes and render a general-clearing-up-day absolutely necessary every now and again.

Coaches and trucks on the move on stocktaking Sunday have to be noted in some special manner; they may be taken at the starting point, or at some other point; this is left for the superintendent to decide.

Occasionally it is found that one of the trucks has been appropriated by a firm, to whose siding it has been sent; or perhaps, it is the employees who have appropriated it.

One occasion of the kind was when a lynx-eyed inspector espied the body of a truck, deprived of its wheels and springs and with the paint covered with mud or partly effaced, in a steel works; it was being used as a receptacle for sand, and, judging from appearances, had served that purpose for some time. Had not the inspector been especially wideawake, it is quite possible that the truck would never have been discovered.

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"My Favourite Song and Why," by twelve popular singers—see the November LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE OF FICTION.



The Tiger's Stripes Harmonise with the Colours of the Jungle.

And the Plumage of Many Birds is in Keeping with Their Surroundings.

HAVE you ever noticed a partridge crouching in a bunch of withered grass, or a hare squatting among the heather? Turn your eyes away for a moment, and it appears to have suddenly vanished. But it hasn't. Its brown plumage or red fur harmonises so perfectly with its native surroundings that it has deceived you.

In this way, with the object of avoiding their enemies, or more easily securing their prey, Nature has provided all animals, from the lordly tiger of the jungle to the most insignificant insect, with their particular modifications of form and colouring.

To start with the king of the forest. The lion makes its home in the sandy desert, where its coat of a tawny yellow is hardly distinguishable even in broad daylight. Experienced hunters have before now failed to detect the majestic brute at less than twenty yards' distance.

Its first cousin, the tiger, with its coat of vertical stripes, has its very counterpart in the dry, dusky, jungle grass among which the creature loves to dwell.

THE POLAR BEAR'S WHITE COAT.

When confined in a cage, the picturesque markings of the leopard's coat are plainly discernible, but in its native jungle the conspicuous dabs resemble nothing more than spots of sunshine glancing through the leaves.

In its home of ice and snow the white fur of the Polar bear is lost in the background which it exactly resembles, while its grisly brother, for the same reason, is protected in the backwoods of North America, where it prowls the master, by its sombre and variable colouring.

In the deserts of North Africa, Darwin has asserted, the upper plumage of every bird, the fur of smaller animals, and the skins of all lizards and insects, are of one uniform sand colour.

The birds which frequent the depths of the forest are invariably green, those of gorgeous plumage always being found on trees and shrubs of respective hues, while the magnificent colours of the South African sunbirds are so perfectly in harmony with the scarlet and purple-black blossoms of the trees in which they resort that a dozen of them may be feeding among the flowers without being conspicuous or even visible.

POVERS ARE THE COLOUR OF PEBBLES.

Yet even on the birds that frequent our own shores are to be found examples of Nature's protective coverings.

The plumage of the snipe and woodcock is exactly like the withered stalks and leaves of ferns, sticks, moss, and grasses which form the background of their solitary retreats.

Quite indistinguishable is the plover when it crouches down, even in the open, on the dry soil of the heath or among the pebbles of the shore; and the bittern's plumage is a wonderful copy of withered sedges and dry reeds.

When you have been fishing you have no doubt wondered how it was that fish of the same kind, caught in the same stream, have each had markings of a different colour. The colours correspond with those of the bed where the fish has made its home.

Experiments with turbot and plaice, moreover, have shown that these fish possess the power of changing the colour of their skin when placed among surroundings of a different hue.

SNAKES MATCH THEIR SURROUNDINGS.

The many colours which trout assume invariably correspond with their native homes. The goosefish, better known as the "angler," is the exact image of a black, moss-covered rock as it lies motionless at the bottom in shallow water.

The resemblance is further heightened by the barbels of flesh around the mouth being counterparts of floating weed. Likewise the queer little sea-horse and the pipe-fish are not to be distinguished from the seaweeds they inhabit and so closely mimic.

Among snakes the same regard to colouring is paid by Nature. Accordingly as they make their home among the bright hues of the leaves and flowers of the forest, or among dead leaves and decaying branches, so they have counterparts in the colouring of their skins.

The small, but beautiful, whip-snake of South Africa is entirely of a vivid green, while the boom-alang, another tree snake of the same country, is

covered with green scales on a groundwork of purple. In their native homes both are absolutely indistinguishable.

So, too, is the bush-rose, whose body is five feet long, yet no thicker than a cigarette. As it hangs in its coat of sober grey and brownish drab it might well be taken for a twining vine stalk.

Perfect images of fallen tree trunks and branches are the slow-moving giant boas and deadly vipers, as they glide along in the heart of the gloomy forests of tropical America.

In the world of insects and small life the story is the same. Nature has protected them all with coats of safety. The chameleon is a notable instance. Green on an orange leaf, this tiny lizard turns brown on a withered tree or trunk, grey on sand, and almost black in the dark.

The walking-stick insect is so exactly like a withered stick that under this impression people have often picked it up to be startled by its struggling immediately to get free. The caddis worm is similarly like a piece of stick.

As exact as its name, the leaf insect, to be found in the Tropics, further deceives by the tiny veins which mark its wings when folded.

Even still better mimics of leaves are many Asiatic butterflies. Their undersides are faithful imitations of dead leaves, stalked and veined, but the deception is further heightened by their being marked with mock holes and fungoid growths.

BUTTERFLIES THAT DECEIVE.

Among our own native insects, the red admiral, one of the most brilliant of all butterflies, when it settles on a bramble and shuts its wings together, is difficult even for the practised eye to detect, for the tones of its under surfaces match perfectly the varied tints of the flowers, leaves, and sprays all round it.

The grayling is another perfect mimic. A native of stony hill-sides, this quiet-coloured butterfly so exactly matches the grey and lichen-coloured limestone where it settles that it is often invisible even at a distance of only a few inches.

So, too, with caterpillars. With its green ground and tufts of black, and its multitudinous touches of lilac, or, yellow, or pale pink, the caterpillar of the emperor moth is a singularly striking object.

But as it feeds among the ling every point of its decoration is an aid to its concealment, and it needs a keen eye to discover it, though it has nothing to hide it but its colouring.

Entomologists have further discovered that by altering the colour of the wood to which it was fixed it is possible to vary the hue of a chrysalis in its early stages from almost black to nearly white. And when the chrysalis was suspended on a gilded ground the creature was actually seen to have assumed a lustre as of gold—a perfect disguise against its enemies.

A WOMAN'S WEAPON.

"What is a woman's weapon?"

I asked a charming girl.

She dropped her lashes shyly

And stroked a vagrant curl;

Then consciously she murmured—

This rosebud newly out:

"I have a strong suspicion

Her weapon is a pout."

"What is a woman's weapon?"

I asked a lover true.

He turned him to a maiden

With eyes of heavenly blue.

Her velvet lips were parted,

All innocent of guile,

And eagerly he answered:

"Her weapon is a smile."

"What is a woman's weapon?"

I asked a poet then.

With sudden inspiration

He seized upon his pen.

"Oh, I could name a thousand,"

He cried, in accents clear:

"But woman's surest weapon,

I grant you, is a tear!"

MR. HOPEFUL: "Miss Wellthy, I adore you. Will you not be my wife?"

MISS WELLTHY (haughtily): "The idea of you proposing to a girl in my station! You should know better."

MR. HOPEFUL: "I do know better, but not richer."

YOUR LAST CHANCE

of having your character told from your handwriting is now given you. If you would like to gain this information, send a specimen of your handwriting, together with six penny stamps and a stamped addressed envelope, to RANEE, 32 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. In return you will receive a reliable delineation of your character, from which you can learn much that will be of interest and use to you.

LIES ABOUT LAWYERS.

BY AN INDIGNANT SOLICITOR.

WHY are we so persistently misrepresented, on the stage and in novels? Why do people say, "Oh, he's a solicitor," with such a knowing wink?

We are rascals, they pretend to believe—or at least unscrupulous and greedy. We are threadbare and clean-shaven, and shifty eyes peer out of our crafty faces. By-the-way, there are many solicitors who have hair on their faces in some shape or other.

Our numbers are increasing out of all proportion to the demand for our services, and our privileges are being filched away from us one by one, so it is not surprising if some members of the profession go wrong.

Instead of the good old-fashioned way of transferring landed property by deed, proposals are on foot to introduce some foreign idea of transfer by "registration" only. This means, I suppose, making a few entries in a sort of ledger—work which any clerk could do.

Bankruptcy matters have long been practically taken out of our hands. Under the recent statutes, accountants have now a good deal more to do with these matters than solicitors, and what business the accountants don't get hold of seems to fall to the lot of auctioneers, brokers, shorthand writers, and a host of officials.

Some of these minor self-styled "professional" men are an everlasting grievance to us.

What, for instance, is there to prevent any man putting up a brass plate and calling himself "accountant," "estate agent," "collector," or what not?

Absolutely nothing. And these are the men who on every hand are encroaching on what we used fondly to regard as our privileges.

They give their so-called "legal" advice, and prepare wills, leases, agreements, and other documents at about half our charges. In short, the greater part of the work they undertake is what was formerly done by solicitors.

In spite of all this, we are held up to contumely as scoundrels. We are made fun of, when hundreds of us are glad to work as clerks for brother solicitors at £2 a week and less. Even those of us who, like myself, can afford the dignity of a small office and office-boy, have the utmost difficulty in making ends meet.

Altogether, I feel I am getting poor return for the three-hundred-guinea premium my father paid for me to learn my profession, for the £80 and other items paid to Government in stamp duties, for the cost of books and tutors, and a host of incidentals; and finally for the serving of five years' articles without salary, and the passing of three stiff examinations.

One explanation of the obloquy in which lawyers are commonly held must be that the only lawyer the average man knows anything about is the police-court solicitor, who makes probably not a tenth of the income of other solicitors whom the average man does not denounce because he has never heard of them.

Some police-court solicitors, it is true, make pretty good incomes, but the best of them cannot be compared with the quiet old family practitioner, whose practice is confined almost entirely to property transactions which never go into court.

That is the kind of thing that pays in the law. The police-court solicitor gets his guinea beforehand from the rogue he is called upon to defend, but the old family lawyer says to his clerk:

"What! the charges come to only £1 13s. 4d. for making old Mrs. Noakes' will? Make them a round five guineas at once, or she'll think the work can't have been properly done."

If only for his own interests, the average solicitor will do all he can to keep cases out of court. Unless he is a specialist, he never feels quite at ease when fighting an action.

Besides, the authorised charges for this class of work look quite paltry when contrasted with the richer returns from attendance at numerous friendly conferences, the drawing of deeds by the furlong, and the writing of innumerable letters at 3s. 6d. each.

All this, of course, applies only to the family solicitor of good practice before mentioned. A former President of the Incorporated Law Society has declared that the income of the average solicitor is under £200 a year, and I am sure that, so far as the rank and file of us are concerned, he was not exceeding the truth. Last year, as a matter of fact, I only netted a trifle over £190.

Yet I work tremendously hard. I assure you I do not get 3s. 6d. for every letter I write.

With the class of client I have, you have to write several letters for nothing before you venture to put "3s. 6d." in your bill opposite the details of a particularly long epistle.

I have one client who was a stoker at a factory before he made a small fortune as a publican and bookmaker. He comes panting up my stairs to tell me he has bought such-and-such a "bit of property," has been to other lawyers for "quotations," and wants to know what is the lowest price I can do the "job" for, and what discount I will give.

Then I attend auction sales night after night, and hand round my card to property buyers with my terms printed on the back.

I know it is "unprofessional," and that I am liable to get into hot water with the Law Society. But what am I to do? I must live somehow.

PICKED PARS.

Liner as a Yacht.

Earl Fitzwilliam has purchased the Union-Castle liner, *Harlech Castle*, of 3,264 tons, for use as a yacht.

Record Carrot.

The sea-serpent has gone to its winter rest, but it is reported that a Cheshire man has pulled from his field a carrot sixty-eight inches long!

No More Slicing.

"Slicing to death" has been removed from the Chinese code of punishment for criminals. A condemned Chinaman cannot now be legally cut into more than four pieces.

Well Caught!

For a wager, Koyoshi Zavetto, a juggler, caught on a fork held between his teeth a turnip thrown from the top of Yarmouth's revolving tower, a distance of about a hundred feet.

"Lesson-Books" for Infants.

A rocking-horse, doll's-house and furniture, and seven dog-dolls were among the educational appliances requisitioned by a head teacher which the Fleetwood school managers have disallowed.

Gondoliers' Law.

A Venetian gondolier named Luigi Conderrani fell into the Grand Canal for the third time in a month the other day. As falling into the water is considered a disgrace in Venice, Conderrani's guild has expelled him.

Premiums on Matrimony.

The Salvation Army, with a view to encourage matrimony, is collecting clothing from rich people, and offers to sell complete and suitable wedding outfits to happy couples for 16s., and to furnish two rooms at the same price.

Parish of Spinsters and Widows.

Spinsters and widows comprise the majority of the inhabitants of Askern, near Doncaster, according to evidence given before the Local Government Board inspector. The population has been practically stationary for the last thirty years.

Chinamen Must Remove Pigtales.

The Chinese Empire Society, of San Francisco, has issued an order to all Celestials in America to cut off their pigtales, in order that they may more closely resemble the Japanese, and so meet with less prejudice. The order is being generally obeyed.

Cure for Extravagance.

August Kund has been arrested at Buda-pest for keeping his wife locked up for three months. Kund said he loved his wife, but that if she were allowed out she would spend all his money on hats and clothes. When locked in the kitchen she was quite happy doing the cooking.

Emperor's Note Paper.

The Emperor William has ordered from a Berlin firm a quantity of private note paper, light blue in colour, and resembling fine linen in texture. Each sheet is stamped with the Imperial Eagle, surrounded by the ribbon of the Order of the Garter, with its motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

Healthy Tonbridge.

A remarkable record of longevity was given to the Tonbridge Guardians the other day. It was reported that relief was being given to one person over 100 years of age, to one over 90 years, to twenty-two over 85 years, to forty over 80 years of age, to eighty-four over 75, and to 121 over 70 years.

Tried by Telephone.

Arrested recently at Sacramento for violation of the game laws at a place 200 miles away, Mr. Charles Hughes, a lawyer, of Utica, New York, was tried and fined £10 over the telephone. This novel method of trial was resorted to in order to enable Mr. Hughes to attend a wedding at which he was to be best man.

Municipal Medicine.

Switzerland contemplates a curious object-lesson in municipal socialism. The city of Zurich is making an experiment in the communising of the medical services of the town. The conditions of the experiment are that each inhabitant pays a year's tax of 8s. 7½d., and that the product of £20,000 is divided in salaries of £500 a year among forty medical men, who will attend the inhabitants gratuitously.

Tramps Score over a Mayor.

A High Wycombe police constable watched a couple of tramps go to the residence of the Mayor, and kept an eye upon them. They knocked at the door, and the constable charged them with soliciting alms. The allegation was denied. "What do you want, then?" asked the Mayor. "Can your worship lend us half a sovereign?" Seeking a loan is a different thing in the eyes of the law from asking alms, and the constable had to retire.

No Anti-Hat Ladies Wanted.

The anti-hat craze evidently does not commend itself to all classes of society. A small beer-house in the East End recently posted a notice to the effect that "Ladies without hat or bonnet will not be served." These hatless customers whom the fastidious publican wants to keep out of his house are probably bareheaded from necessity, not choice, yet unconsciously they are in the latest movement, and far more fashionable than the landlord who will have none of them.

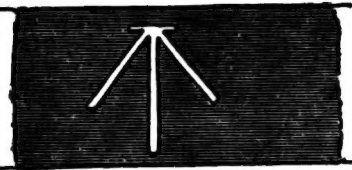
A Tall Chimney Straightened.

A remarkable feat of engineering has been accomplished at the Narragansett brewery, at Cranston, U.S.A., where a one hundred and ninety-two foot chimney, four feet out of plumb, has been straightened without cracking it. When its fall seemed imminent, J. H. Gerhard, a local civil engineer, by means of steel levers raised the chimney and backed it into place. He placed a course of bricks three-quarters round and then substituted wooden wedges, which were burnt away as the chimney resumed the upright.

ARROWS ON THE PAVEMENT.

On some of the slabs of stone laid horizontally to the road and forming the edge of the pavement in London streets may be seen what looks like a

broad arrow chiselled in the stone. This mark is made to indicate the adjacent opening of a water main. It is especially useful in muddy and snowy weather when the slush lies thick on the road, covering up all openings like water mains and sewers. At such times the pavements are comparatively clean and the arrow-marks can easily be seen, thus saving valuable time in clearing the roads to discover where the opening is.



A PORTABLE LIBRARY.

In the town of Bootle, which joins the great city of Liverpool, the scholars attending the elementary

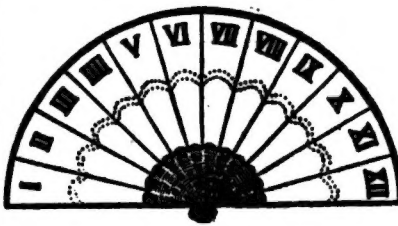
schools have certain of their worn-out books replaced by the Free Public Library. Deliveries of volumes are made once a fortnight. For this purpose the Education Committee of Bootle has allowed a grant of fifty pounds to the Library Committee. A portable handcart, together with an assistant to deliver the books, is provided for the removal of the volumes, and the whole system is supervised by the borough librarian.



FAN-SHAPED CLOCK.

Quite one of the most remarkable clocks ever made is that manufactured by a Swiss jeweller. The clock

consists of twelve leaves hinged just like an ordinary fan. The numbers of the hours are marked from one to twelve at the end of each of these leaves. The fan timepiece starts at one o'clock and expands regularly for twelve hours, when it suddenly closes up and commences the process of opening again. The half-hour is indicated by the leaf of the fan being only half extended.



THE TWO POSTS.

In some of our older and narrower streets and alleys there may be seen at each end two upright posts. At first, it might be supposed that they served no more useful purpose than affording material for children to swing on. But they are used to indicate that the streets



which are guarded by the posts are closed to wheeled traffic. Some of the thoroughfares in the poorer parts of London are so narrow, that a large vehicle would do serious damage if it were driven along them, and as they are generally short cuts would be much used were they not protected.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original paragraph used in this column. Address your envelope to "The Page Six Editor,"

Pearson's Weekly.

Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Value of Pawned Goods.

Nearly £250,000 worth of articles are pawned in London weekly.

Poorly Paid Diplomats.

The Swiss Government is unable to find sufficient attaches for its diplomatic service, as the salary is only £100 a year.

Municipal Poultry Runs.

The Southgate District Council decided at a recent meeting to construct municipal poultry runs, and to purchase a number of fowls.

Hungry Jack Tars.

Sixteen tons of bread, 17,000lbs. of beef, and ten tons of vegetables were required to feed the Channel Fleet during its four days' stay in the Tyne.

Built the Carts In.

As M. Brisson, a carrier in the Rue Sauglière, Paris, refused to give up some land he rented, his landlord proceeded with building operations, and built his carts in. They can now only be removed by a crane.

The Telecryptograph.

An apparatus called the telecryptograph, which telegraphs and records in print messages over ordinary telephone lines, without interfering with the telephony, has been invented by Signor Melocotti, an Italian electrician.

Too Bad for Words.

An indignant letter dictated by a clever old gentleman runs thus:—"Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot express it; but you, being neither, can readily divine it."

Scholarship Winners.

Among the students who have been awarded national scholarships by the South Kensington Department are a tailor, a weaver, a painter, and a book-keeper. The tailor's scholarship is for chemistry, the weaver's for biology, and the painter's and book-keeper's for geology.

Profitable Imprisonment.

When Levi Seligman was placed in Chicago Gaol for embezzlement he made nearly £200 during his nine months' imprisonment by commerce, barter, and exchange with his fellow prisoners. When the time came for his release he asked to be allowed to serve another nine months. He was refused.

Big Wedding Feast.

In honour of the marriage of four of his sons and daughters on the same day, M. Girard, a landowner of Huguetière, in La Vendée, France, entertained 400 of his friends and neighbours. To feed the large gathering an ox, four calves, and scores of fowls and ducks were cooked, and nine barrels of wine were provided.

Official Sausages.

The Prussian War Department have lost confidence in the ordinary commercial sausage, and have decided to establish a sausage factory of their own at Spandan, a very important fortress near Berlin. By manufacturing the sausages itself the War Department will be able to see that only the most wholesome meat is used in their manufacture, thus taking another precaution to insure the very best possible physical condition of the soldiers.

Flats for Horses.

Ground space is so valuable in New York that, like many other buildings there, stables have long been built upward in many storeys, with stalls for the horses on floors above the ground; so that there are now in the city thousands of horses that may be said to live in flats. All of these tall modern stables have a lift sufficiently big and strong enough to carry to the upper floors any vehicle, and in at least one place for horses the lift is used for the animals also.

Boys' New Game.

Boys in the villages on the outskirts of Glasgow have got a new game, which seems to give them no end of fun o' nights. Armed with a goodly supply of paper bags, they stow themselves away in a dark corner abutting the king's highway, and, having blown up one of the pokes, await the approach of the cyclist, who is sure to come singly or in crowds. Then the bulging bag is deftly burst, and the fun comes in seeing the surprise of the cyclist as he discovers he has escaped without a punctured tyre.

Church Built by Gifts.

A new church at Broadheath, near Worcester, was consecrated by the Bishop of Worcester. The cost of the church was kept to a minimum by numerous contributions in kind, such as the pulpit and windows. The most important gifts were the site of one acre, given by members of the Lord family, of Hallow Park. All the stone used was given by the Earl of Dudley, from quarries on the Witley Court estate, while the parishioners did the whole of the spade work in levelling and laying out the churchyard, headed by the curate-in-charge (Rev. A. Griffiths), the local farmers lending horses and carts. Admiral Britten headed the subscriptions with £1,000.

Theatre on a Mountain.

Probably the most novel theatre in the world is that which was recently opened at Thale, in Germany. The theatre is on the summit of a mountain, and is surrounded on all sides by steep rocks; the seats for the audience are hewn out of the rock, and accommodate 1,000 persons, and the stage, which is also hewn out of the rock, is 80ft. long by 64ft. wide. No artificial scenery is used, but the background is formed by the dense forest, and by the outlines of the mountains in the distance. The dressing-room for the actors is close at hand in the forest, but completely hidden from the audience. The theatre is fully protected from the wind, and its acoustic properties are so excellent that every word is heard.



Mr. P. Double.
you Attend a
Weird Religious
Ceremony.

I LIKE a nice, quiet Sunday afternoon, wherever I may be, so I accepted the invitation to spend one with some Howling Dervishes. This refined religious sect is, as it were, at home to callers at their Tekkiah (convent) in Pera, on Sundays. Music and Howling, 2.30 sharp.

I found my way with difficulty through a maze of narrow alleys teeming with the usual Constantinople occupants, described before, until reaching the outskirts I found myself amid true Oriental hovels. One of these was the convent.

I was received by a long youth, in a fawn-coloured fez and flowing robe. I slipped a franc into his hand, and he escorted me through the convent.

I passed fearfully squalid-looking beds on which the Howlers were reclining, drinking coffee, and smoking before commencing business later. They looked at me with half stupid, dazed eyes, as I passed through into a little mosque. This, about the size of an average schoolroom, was the scene of the performance. Its walls were decorated variously. Tambourines were hung round skins of every hue. Hieroglyphics on the walls denoted the names of the prophets.

HOW THE CEREMONY BEGINS.

The priest, a modest, frightened-looking little gentleman wearing a black fez and robe, came in first and bowed many times to the altar. He was followed by the Dervishes, about twelve in number, but increasing at intervals. They were all bearded, and dressed in robes of various colours.

The first performance consisted of an almost interminable series of bows. The Dervishes formed themselves into a sort of squad, facing slant-wise across the mosque. They then proceeded for a good twenty minutes to drop on to their knees, prostrate themselves on the floor, pick themselves up again, and repeat indefinitely. The process reminded me of nothing so much as bathing at a watering-place, only, of course, it was deadly serious.

We didn't get to downright howling at first. The proceedings began in a most rational way. The priest just chanted for about twenty minutes as the Dervishes knelt down.

Things began to move a bit after this. Though it wasn't yet howling, it was getting on that way. The Dervishes began to look a bit lively, and they took on a kind of la-tiddly-a-ta-ta strain. This they repeated for an appalling time, always on one note. I was afterwards assured that this represented the chanting of the seven attributes of the deity.

THE CRY OF THE DERVISHES.

The following represents the cry, and if you can imagine some twelve to fifteen bearded gentlemen howling it out for half an hour, without pausing to take breath, you get an idea of the introductory proceedings.

"La ilaha ill' Allah. Ya Allah. Ya Hoo. Ya Hakk. Ya Hay. Ya Kayyoun. Ya Kahhar."

The "Ya Hoo. Ya Hakk. Ya Hay" part of it was particularly effective.

But this was mere introduction. The business began later. I was anxiously awaiting it, as the above strain and the music grew a trifle wearing after awhile, and had it gone on much longer, I fear for my own sanity. I might become a Howling Dervish myself.

The thing grew riotous after this. The Dervishes stood with their backs to the wall. They closed their eyes. Then they began gently lurching sideways, charging each other with a delicate shoulder-to-shoulder suggestion of football. Having got the motion well fixed, they gradually proceeded to go mad. The howl was at first just a rather ugly, out of tune kind of song. Then it lost all pretence to tune at all, and degenerated into a wild bark.

HOWLING AND DANCING.

In about twenty minutes I was gazing on the most maniacal spectacle I have ever dreamt of.

Fourteen or fifteen stolid-looking, elderly gentlemen, with beards, attired in long robes, were acting in a manner which would have been thought extraordinary in a pack of wolves. They were throwing themselves about, and barking, growling, grunting, having apparently entirely lost all sanity, and become for awhile downright wild beasts.

Every now and again at intervals during the Howl, a small child would drop in and seat itself in the midst of the Dervishes. Other people, ordinary Turks, and not Dervishes at all, would drop in for an hour or so, howl a bit and go out again. I suppose it is one very fair way of passing an idle hour or so.

I sometimes wish I, too, could relieve my feelings that way. After a very heavy day with the Editor, it would be a soothing solace to me, to be able

to drop in somewhere and yell "Ya Hoo, Ya Hakk, Ya Hay" for a bit.

Soon they began to almost writhe, and tear themselves to pieces. They gave vent to a series of gruff barks. It was not long before the whole lot of them had worked themselves up into raving mania. Their vocal efforts alone must have exhausted their lungs.

If you or I tried barking and grunting at full power for two minutes we should be exhausted, but these Dervishes keep it up for nearly two hours.

You may well ask what is the object of this display. Well, it is not, to begin with, a performance, as though it is usual to give the doorkeeper something, no charge is made for admission. It is the actual religious belief of the Howling Dervishes that by working themselves up to frenzy, they enter a state called Jezbad, or attraction to God.

At the end of the Howling various things happen. The Dervishes seize and place in their mouths glowing lumps of charcoal, take hold of red hot implements, perform wonderful feats of muscular strength, trample over each other's prostrate forms, and profess to be able to effect marvellous cures.

I left at sunset. I was just in time, on reaching the crowded streets again, to see the street dogs start duty.

At sunset every night, legions of men appear in the streets, with large baskets filled with garbage, which they empty out. In a few seconds, at every street corner, a pack of dogs yelping and snarling, furiously attacks the refuse, and before many hours have passed, the entire lot has been carefully digested.

DOGS AND THEIR CUSTOMS.

The dogs are the most marvellous animal community in the world. Each square of streets has so many dogs attached permanently to it. On no account do these dogs ever trespass beyond their own quarter. If they do, there is trouble.

A dog advances, and shows some curiosity as to what it is like at the other side of the boundary street. He gingerly crosses. At first, a dog from the next quarter advances, and barks a protest. This is a sort of diplomatic warning.

The next formality is for the defending dog to place a paw on the intruder, by way of final warning. If, then, he does not take himself off, he is forcibly ejected, with very unpleasant consequences. A barking is heard all round. All the dogs of the quarter appear on the scene, and mercilessly "rag" the outsider until very limp, and bleeding, he withdraws home again.

These street battles are of daily occurrence all over the city. To stand and watch a dog-fight is quite one of the greatest attractions of the streets.

These dogs are known as pariah, or beggar dogs. They are quite conscious of their inferior calling, as is shown by the fact that they greatly respect any dog of the quarter who belongs to a resident, and is "one of the family."

DERVISHES OF OTHER KINDS.

If, however, even a "gentleman" dog strays outside his own quarter he is subjected to the same harsh police measures. For this reason, therefore, to take your dog out for a stroll in Constantinople is likely to be perilous for him.

A performing bear once appeared in a street in which I was passing. Before he had gone very far, he was simply forced to fly by the protesting dogs.

I dropped in on some other Dervishes on the following Tuesday—the Dancing, Whirling, or Turning Dervishes. These are as mild as milk compared with the Howlers.

Clad in long skirts, wearing deep, light brown fezzes, they dance themselves into a state of ecstasy, as an old priest chants weird words from a gallery, and bangs a tambourine. Some of the dancing Dervishes dance so well that it is a pity their services are not commanded for our music-halls.

They stretch their arms out, and twirl round and round in a circle, in a series of graceful curves. On their faces they wear a look of far-away earnestness. When the dance is over, and they have reached the needed horse-power, as it were, of ecstasy, they fall on each other and clasp each other round the neck.

Next week, I propose to tell you how, by a brilliant series of manoeuvres, extending over half Europe, I managed to get back home again. It will be a moving story—in fact, one long move.

"AND you borrowed the money from your aunt, did you?" the judge asked a very self-confident and well-dressed young man in a London county court. "Most people borrow from their uncle!"

A LITTLE boy was doing an errand for a blind lady. "Give me a pound of tea," he said to the grocer. "Green or black?" asked the man. "It don't make no difference; it's for a blind lady," was the reply.

"THIS deep line of destiny," said the palmist, "is most remarkable. It shows that something connected with the sea has made, or will make, a strong impression on you."

"You are right," observed the subject. "That is the scar from a gash I made opening oysters."

WHAT CLEVER MEN AND WOMEN ARE SAYING.

Bright Paragraphs Written by Bright People.

THE most fooled man is the one who fools himself.—C. T. Yerkes.

LOVE is only a woman's device for wasting time.—J. M. Barrie.

TO youth physical attraction is, and ever will be, the most potent of spells.—T. P. O'Connor.

TEN minutes' talk with a really sensible judge would settle most quarrels.—Mr. Justice Grantham.

EXISTENCE may be summed up thus: Up till thirty—life. After thirty—liver. And then—just living.—R. Dickens.

THE religion of compromise is our favourite creed. People are always compromising with God in order not to offend the devil.—H. Beerbohm Tree.

ERIQUETTE is a beneficent invention that enables naturally disagreeable people to live with one another without coming to blows.—Peter McArthur.

THE streets are a capital school for the preacher, for you have to be interesting and striking if you wish to keep your hearers' attention.—General Booth.

VEGETARIANISM! Take my word for it, the picture painted on cabbage will never bear comparison for a single moment with the picture painted on beef.—Mortimer Menpes.

A MILLION times better is it to do one useful thing, and do it well, than to fritter time and energy on half a dozen showy accomplishments of no use, and of less credit to the exponent.—"Rita."

I'M not fond of acting; as a matter of fact I sometimes think I hate it. But I do flatter myself I know what people like. You must always give people the best, that is the only true art.—W. S. Penley.

LIFE is a queer game of blind man's buff, played in a mist on a mountain top, and the players keep dropping over the precipices. But nobody heeds because there are always plenty more, and the game goes on for ever.—H. Rider Haggard.

COLOUR is life. It makes the blood rush quicker, the pulse leap, the spirits rise. That is why nursemaids love the uniform, and decadent people adore the theatre. We have no colour in England. That is why we take our pleasures sadly.—Lady Violet Greville.

THE great novel—the great book of any sort—is no longer being written, for exactly the same reason that the Gothic cathedral is no longer being built; not because men have become incapable of it, nor because it possibilities are exhausted, but because unforeseen changes in social and economic conditions have rendered it impossible.—H. G. Wells.

THE true joy of life is the being used for a purpose recognised by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish, selfish, little clod of ailments and grievances, complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.—Bernard Shaw.

WHENEVER I talk with the stage-smitten amateur I admire his zeal, his enthusiasm, his disinterestedness in the cause of what he lovingly calls "Art, don't you know?" But I never fail to be amazed at his ignorance of professional theatrical life, at his inability to divest it of its glamour and tinsel and gloss, and to realise its conditions as they actually are.—Mrs. Kendal.

If men were to take quite seriously all that is just now being written about women, and all that we write about ourselves, they might well begin to tremble behind their newspapers and magazines, and to ask themselves whether, in the great modern crush of—may I say the softer sex?—there would be a corner left in the world for them at all. But it is only a few of them who do take us quite seriously and those are not the men who know us the best.—Florence Warden.

THE City clerk on his bicycle, and the working man with his boon companions on a four-horse vehicle, have just the same right as the Prime Minister to their enjoyment of the fresh air, and the noise they make on their way to it. Nor would anything be gained by barring these people out of public parks, museums, and picture-galleries. No harm is done to the more religious section of the community by the fact that such large numbers of their fellow citizens choose to spend Sunday in other ways than church-going, however much the fact may be regretted.—Rev. R. J. Campbell.

BEAUTY prevails in spite of all we do. We may build ugly buildings. We may think ugly thoughts. We may wrinkle ourselves in worries or the contemplation of ugliness. We may even worship ugliness under the name of utility. But lightly, without an effort, the gentle hand of beauty descends upon all. Beauty may do her subtle work in many ways. Sun, moon, fog, and rain are alike her servants. The fresh red houses, garish eyesores in the sun, become wonderful as they loom blood-red before the man in the mist. Or in a few years the red is quieted, and the searching light only makes it more beautiful.—Arthur Ransome.



Fancy Ways of Giving Wages.

How "Foggers" and "Garret Masters" Treat their Hands.

And how some People are Content to Work Without Payment.

THE Scottish fisher-girls are paid wages in a curious way. On being first engaged they receive a lump sum of between £3 and £4. This is known as "arles," and is in the nature of earnest money, and to bind the contract. Ordinarily no more is expected or received until the season is ended, when payment is made in full in a lump sum.

As soon as the "arles" has been handed over, the recipients are at the beck and call of the masters, who dispatch them by special train to follow the fishing fleet down the coast.

The work of splitting and curing the herrings, and so forth, which is performed in "crews" of three, is rough and arduous; but given a good season, a girl will often earn as much in a week as her sister in domestic service can in six months.

Broadly speaking, a collier's earnings depend on the amount of coal he produces, but various methods are used for determining this amount.

In some districts, for instance, the old rough and ready way known as "raxing" is still in force. "Rax" is an obsolete English verb, meaning to extend the body or arms to the fullest extent, as in stretching one's self on awaking from sleep.

"RAXING" A "CUTTING."

When the miner "raxes" his "cutting" then, he simply stretches out his arms horizontally as far as ever he can, and counts that as one fathom, repeating the process until he has reached the end of his "bit." When he is paid by the fathom this simple plan works fairly well.

In Staffordshire the miner's remuneration is fixed on the basis of his doing a certain "stint" (minimum) of work in a (nominal) day, known locally as a "holer's day."

In one colliery, for example, a length of 7ft. cut under the seam for a depth of 5ft. is a "holer's day." As soon as he has finished this he is really working overtime, and thus his actual daily earnings may exceed the nominal day's wage by from 25 to 75 per cent.

In the Lanarkshire mines, again, the minimum day's output of a hewer is called the "darg," and all he hews over is paid for extra.

1,200 NAILS TO THE 1,000.

Among the Durham and Northumberland miners yet another system is in vogue. All coal hewn is paid for at a variable price per ton, a higher tonnage rate being allowed where the coal is hard to work, a lower rate where the men are working in easy places.

But the piece-wage per ton is in each and every case so fixed that, whether a man is getting say one shilling a ton or two shillings a ton, his daily earnings shall amount to a minimum agreed sum which is called "the county average."

The nailmakers of Bromsgrove are paid no regular wages. Each man buys his "bundle" of iron, of about 60lb. weight, from the master, and returns it in the form of nails. He draws, of course, no money until his work is completed.

Meanwhile he has to pay for his "breeze" (fuel), and for "stalling." By a curious trade usage, too, 1,000 nails as between man and master are 1,200 nails, but only 800 (for most varieties) as between master and customer.

FOGGERS AND THEIR METHODS.

Among the chainmakers of Cradley Heath and neighbourhood, a similar method of paying for work done is in vogue. The worker receives a certain weight of iron, and he has to return a corresponding weight of chain, less an allowance for waste in working, which is, or ought to be, four pounds in the bundle weighing half a hundredweight.

The masters say that skilled and careful chainmakers can save iron out of their allowance for waste, and that this is afterwards worked up by them on their own account, and sold to the "foggers" at low rates, to the detriment of business in general.

These "foggers," by-the-by, are the bane of the nail-making and chainmaking trades. They occupy relatively the same place as do the "sweaters" and "garret masters" in the cheap boot and slop-made clothing industries, buying up iron in bulk, and acting as mediums of intercommunication between masters and men, the latter of whom they contrive to "squeeze" in many ways.

One of these is to keep a small general shop, at

which, in defiance of the Truck Act, the worker is compelled to deal, paying an enhanced price for his purchases. Another is to substitute smaller sized iron rods for larger, and pocket the difference in the rates of payment allowed by the masters for "working up." If the workers object, they are boycotted by all the "foggers" in the district.

In none of the industries mentioned above, however, are the various methods of calculating and paying wages so numerous and involved as in the ready-made tailoring trade, as practised in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Glasgow, and other big cities.

This is largely due to sub-division of work. Except in the very best bespoke business, the old-fashioned practical tailor, who could make a suit of clothes from start to finish, is extinct. Instead, there are now cutters, basters, machinists, fellers, button-holders, pressers, and so on almost without end.

And even each of these sub-divisions is again subdivided. A man, for instance, who can press a coat cannot necessarily press a waistcoat, and a waistcoat presser is equally unqualified to press trousers.

Under these circumstances the calculation of wages becomes to the big masters an impossibility, and they have ended by not even attempting the task. Instead, they give the work out wholesale to the "taker in," who acts the rôle of the very worst sort of middleman, exacting toll from all and sundry.

WORKMEN WHO WORK FOR NOTHING.

One favourite dodge of his, originally invented by a Polish Jew some ten or twelve years ago, but now well-nigh universal, is to pay for labour on a time basis, when it is really a case of piecework in disguise. Thus a certain job (say basting one dozen coats) is called so many hours' work, and a man finishing it, in whatever time, is paid for the number of hours which the job is supposed to take.

This would, of course, be fair enough if the number of hours allowed were sufficient. But they never are. And, moreover, the tale of the work demanded in a given time is being constantly raised.

In the East-end bootmaking trade there are men toiling for so many as sixteen and eighteen hours a day for a couple of shillings.

And these are, comparatively speaking, skilled workmen. Below them in the scale come the "greeners" (newly arrived aliens) who slave for the "garret masters."

These ask for no wages whatever. As soon as the work is given them, they are glad of it and do it.

Most of them arrive here practically destitute. They may have a few groschen, or marks, or thalers, or roubles, as the case may be. But of these they are very soon eased by the loafers, and touts, and runners, that hang about the docks for the purpose of pretending to show them lodgings, or a place to rest themselves at night.

Then the garret master pounces on them, and works them eighteen hours a day for their bare board. And such board! A cup of coffee and a red herring will last a "greener" all day.

A WISE MOTHER.

A WISE mother caught her little boy smoking a cigarette the other day. Instead of inverting him over her knee and nearly spanking the life out of him, she said:

"Johnny, dear, I see you are getting quite a big little man, come away in and I will give you one of papa's great big black cigars to smoke."

So she marched Johnny away into papa's study, and set him down to smoke one of papa's cigars.

She sat down opposite and watched, while his lips grew white and his eyes yellow, and his hands dropped helplessly, and as a little later she ministered to him with a basin, she had the satisfaction of receiving his vehement promise that he would never, never smoke again until he was older.

"I APPRECIATE the fact that you have honoured me with a proposal," said the dear girl; "but are you sure your love for me is the real thing?"

"Perhaps not," replied the young grocer, "but it is less expensive and just as good."

STAGER: "The critics have been very complimentary to me. They all say that in my last performance I deserve a word of praise."

Coldwater: "Yes; so I see, but I notice that none of them give it you."

TESS: "Of course, she's delighted with the success of her novel. She told me she worked at it off and on for ten years."

Jess: "Ah! Then she started when she was eighteen."

TESS: "How do you know she's twenty-eight?"

Jess: "That's the age of her heroine."

"Look here, waiter," said a man in a city restaurant the other day, "is there any difference in your roast lamb and roast mutton? I don't detect any."

"Oh, yes," said the waiter. "You will notice that yesterday, when you had roast lamb, I gave you a bill for a shilling. To-day, when you had roast mutton, I gave you one for tenpence. There's the difference."

DO FOOTBALL CROWDS WIN MATCHES?

Their Encouragement or Disapproval has a Great Effect Upon the Players.

OUT of twenty-eight matches, all that were possible on the contestants' own grounds, in the competition last season for the English Association Football Cup, only seven clubs scored victories when visiting their opponents. Therefore, on twenty-one occasions out of twenty-eight, when on their own grounds and surrounded by their own patrons, certain teams were invincible.

In the first round no fewer than twelve clubs won while playing at home, against four who won while away.

In the second round six home teams again beat their opponents, two visiting teams alone being successful. In the third round one club alone out of four was able to go home triumphant.

In all games that ended decisively until the semi-finals were reached, not only Bury, the champions, Derby County, the runners-up, but both Millwall and Tottenham Hotspur won all matches played on their own grounds.

The figures of Woolwich Arsenal, who this season are making their initial appearance in the First Division of the League, are even more striking.

On their own ground they won every match they played, and, what is more, though they scored sixty-seven goals themselves, their opponents could only get the ball through the uprights on five occasions.

Yet away from home the Arsenal men had seventeen goals scored against them, themselves scoring only twenty-four goals, nearly a third of the total goals captured when playing on their own ground.

Why, then, do home teams so often win? Does the onus rest principally with the football pitches? Anyone who has made the round of the grounds of the First League clubs will be persuaded into expressing a decided negative.

They are all, more or less, perfect inclosures of a strikingly even surface, with none of those demoralising ground swells which mean so much to the small county club when battling against some formidable antagonist from a great city.

Yet, however much a football pitch may resemble its neighbours, and no matter how flatly green and alluring it is, there is always about it some latent peculiarity which takes many weeks to master.

The home forwards seem instinctively to know the exact square foot of ground from which to let drive at goal with the happiest results, and this confidence, if nothing else, is calculated to disconcert contending goalkeepers.

So much is granted. Another disturbing influence with the visiting team is that the match invariably takes place a short time only after a lengthy and tiring railway journey.

Cooled up for, perhaps, two or three hours in the limited space of a railway carriage, the players have scarcely time to stretch their stiffened limbs before the referee's whistle is heard calling them to action.

But without doubt the chief reason for a home side's success is the efforts of their crowd of patrons. Footballers cannot get along without applause.

So great, indeed, is the influence of acclamation on football teams, that a well-timed shout of encouragement often has the effect of turning an almost certain defeat into a glorious and unexpected victory.

It is not exaggeration to say that more often than not the enthusiasm and cheering of a large crowd are responsible for the success of the local team.

Innumerable instances might be cited to prove the point. In the Cup-ties a few seasons back, a big club was drawn to play a junior team, but the latter, who had the choice of ground, stubbornly refused all offers to change the venue of the match.

It seemed ridiculous that they should wish to drag such a mighty club into their miserable little village. Yet they insisted on it, and the senior team came down in pompous fashion to knock the stuffing out of them.

But with all their superior tactics and skill the famous team came off second best. Although fewer than a thousand spectators lined the ropes, the cheering was tremendous, and the home team played their own kick-and-rush game so successfully that they actually led by a goal at the finish.

"If tha doesn't score, Ned," shouted one enthusiast to the home centre-forward, "Ah'll break every bone i' thy body!" And directly after this fearful threat the forward blundered through the defence like a battering-ram, and put both ball and goalkeeper into the net!

On the other hand, a sullen and silent crowd has a most depressing effect on the players. It acts far worse upon them than sarcasm and derisive jeers. As a famous International once said:

"When playing at home we work like demons at the commencement of the game to get our crowd into a good humour. If we can score the first goal we know for certain that we shall win. The knowledge that a huge crowd are in a way antagonistic to them, always takes the spirit out of a visiting team, so we always endeavour at first to get on the 'right side' of our supporters, when they, by their cheering, will do the rest."

DOLLS, DOORMATS, AND NOSES.

Articles that are Made from Old Bicycle Tyres.

HUNDREDS of thousands of bicycle tyres are produced annually, and the majority of them last but little more than two seasons, if the rider gives them a fair amount of work; at the most they will not last more than three seasons. What becomes of all the rubber when the tyres are discarded?

The best kind of rubber has to be used for bicycle tyres, and it costs the manufacturers about 6s. per pound; but old tyres go for 9d. and 1s. per pound, and this old rubber is employed for making almost everything but tyres.

Rubber in its pure state would not answer the purpose of the bicycle-maker, because it has not sufficient elasticity; it will bend under pressure, but it will not rebound as required, and it is, therefore, necessary to mix sulphur with it. The sulphur mixes chemically with the rubber to such an extent that it cannot be separated, and this gives the desired elasticity. It is really sulphide of rubber which is used for tyres.

Here is one little fact worth noting in connection with new rubber articles, tyres or others. You will observe a whitish deposit, which you generally regard as proof of the superior quality of the substance; as a matter of fact, it is often a sign that the rubber is not so good as it might be and that an excess of sulphur has been added.

Old tyres are torn to pieces in a masticating machine and are reworked into common rubber sheeting, doormats, dolls, rubber noses, and a thousand other articles.

No other material is made into such a diversity of objects as rubber. The rubber toy trade is in the hands of the Germans, and British dealers have found it profitable to ship old rubber by the ton to Germany for the production of the squeaking doll.

The production of cycle tyres has assumed such huge proportions that rubber is a dear thing to buy, and the toy makers have to look largely to old tyres for the supply of the raw material required in their business.

When you are wiping your boots on a rubber mat, when your baby is playing with a doll that jerks out a sound that is supposed to be "Papa!" or "Mamma!" at your own choice, or when you are told that Mr. So-and-So is wearing a rubber nose, you can never be certain that it did not at one time form part of the tyres of your bicycle.

CLARA: "Are you engaged to Douglas for good?"
Gertrude: "It looks so. I don't think he'll ever be able to marry me."

TOM: "Did Maud tell you the truth when you asked her her age?"
Dick: "Yes."
Tom: "What did she say?"
Dick: "She said it was none of my business."

A SURE CURE.

YOUNG MAN (to editor): "Here is a little poem of a pathetic nature, sir. I showed it to my mother, and she actually cried over it."
Editor (after reading the poem): "You say your mother cried?"
Young Man: "Yes, sir."
Editor: "Well, you go home and promise your mother never to write any more poetry, and I think the old lady will dry her eyes."

MRS. CRAWFORD: "Mrs. Shabby-Genteel doesn't boast about her possessions as much as she used to."
Mrs. Crabshaw: "No wonder. Burglars broke into her house the other night, and they went away without taking anything."

REASON ENOUGH.

It was a contested will case, and one of the witnesses, in the course of giving his evidence, described the testator minutely.

"Now, sir," said counsel for the defence, "I suppose we may take it, from the flattering description you have given of the testator, his good points, and his personal appearance generally, that you were intimately acquainted with him?"

"Him!" exclaimed the witness. "He was no acquaintance of mine."

"Indeed! Well, then, you must have observed him very carefully whenever you saw him?" pursued the examining counsel.

"I never saw him in my life," was the reply.
This prevarication, as counsel thought it, was too much, and, adopting a severe tone, he said:

"Now, now, don't trifle with the court, please. How, I ask you, could you, in the name of goodness, describe him so minutely, if you never saw him and never knew him?"

"Well," replied the witness, and the smile which overspread his features eventually passed over the court, "you see, I married his widow."

COWS LET OUT ON HIRE.

A Quaint Custom which Still Survives in England.

A CLERGYMAN recently going through some accounts connected with an old church was astonished to find in an account book 500 years old one of the entries as follows:

Rents received by the hands of Wyllm Webstr, the XXXti yere of our sovran lord Kinge Henre VIII, Bck. Of Jefforye ernolde for rent of cowe, iiii.

Whether this figure represented the quarterly, half-yearly, or annual rent was not indicated.

Strange as it may seem, cows even to this day are, in some parts of the country, let out on hire as though they were bicycles or pianos.

Passing through the locality in which the above document was discovered, the clergyman noticed several cottages where evidently a milk dealing business was carried on, and pointing out the goodly number of well-kept cows in the yards behind, he observed to his driver that the cottagers must do pretty well and make a good deal of money in their business in order to be able to purchase so many animals.

"Not such a difficult matter," was the reply; "it is not every cow that belongs to the man who keeps her."

"How is that? If it does not belong to him, how is it that he can keep a cow and make a profit of it?"

"Well," was the answer, "ye see it is this way. They get them on hire. There is a man in the Midlands who comes our way pretty often and who owns a regular herd of these here cows. He buys them up and down the country, and lets them out to cow-keepers at £5 per year, with the condition that every calf that may come shall be his property, and also that in the case of a cow running dry or becoming ill, he will take it away and send another in profit to take its place."

"I was driving him about here a little while ago, and he offered to let me have a good cow on these terms, but they wouldn't quite suit me. Lord, bless you, sir, it ain't everyone as sells milk about here as has a cow of their own to their name. There's most of 'em gets 'em from this 'ere man on the hiring system."

"You'd be surprised if I was to tell you the names of some of them as works a business in this way, and the man as does own them, he does pretty well, for he told me as how he had a matter of 300 cows let out at £5 a head, and the calves, all over the country."

CLEVER BRAIN WORK

From a "Brain Refreshing" Food.

The manner of living and selection of foods are to a great extent the result of habit. We, and our forefathers for hundreds of years before us, have held the notion that meat is an indispensable part of our diet.

Undoubtedly some meat is good for us, although many dispense with it altogether, but it is generally admitted that most of us eat too much.

Meat makes us dull and heavy, whereas a scientific food like Grape-Nuts, each pound of which contains more nourishment than the human system will absorb than many pounds of meat, does not clog the system, but renders the brain active and clear.

The advantages of a Grape-Nuts diet over a meat diet is shown in an interesting letter from a man living near Clapham Junction, S.W., who says:

"It is with the utmost sincerity that I offer you my grateful appreciation of your wonderful food, Grape-Nuts."

"The benefit derived from its use has in my case been most striking. For years past I have been in very unsatisfactory health, and latterly have been suffering from severe nervous exhaustion."

"My daily work is of a very exacting character, involving many hours of close mental application in an unhealthy atmosphere. I have been growing thinner, and in spite of having a consistently good appetite, have obtained little or no good from my food, reaching home at night in an exhausted, fagged condition."

"My sister, with whom I live, was ordered Grape-Nuts by her doctor, who spoke most highly of its efficacy, and I tried it on my own account. After steadily persisting with it, I soon perceived an increase of nerve power, with a feeling of calm and repose to which I have long been a stranger."

"I was able to perform my work with comparative ease and comfort, feeling none of the former excitability and nervous tension."

"Instead of taking meat for my mid-day meal, I now take Grape-Nuts in conjunction with other light food, and not only do I experience a delightful freedom from all heaviness and disinclination for 'after dinner' work caused by a meat meal, but I find a support and brain refreshing result hitherto unknown."

"Grape-Nuts also forms my supper, and I find my sleep distinctly improved thereby."

"I shall be only too glad to sing its praises to all my acquaintances, so righteously is it merited."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe Lane, E.C.

Sturdy Brains
and
Vigorous Bodies
made by
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A TRIAL WILL PROVE.

KEEP THE BLOOD PURE

and the health of the system will follow. The blood being the source from which our systems are built, it is important that it should be kept pure. If you suffer from any skin or blood disease such as SCURF, ECZEMA, SORE THROAT, SCORFULA, BAD LEGS, BLOOD POISON, SORES, RINGWORM, &c., also ANEMIA and GOITR, you should test the value of

Clarke's Blood Mixture

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER. Beware of worthless imitations.

Of all Chemists, 2/6 per bottle.

110 Women

have asked for their money from grocers who sell Fels-Naptha; and got it; £13 6½ in two years.

They didn't go by the book; we have letters from every-one of them.

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Our Phonographs & Records are highly entertaining to all persons. Constant change and variety. The best of songs and instrumental music. There is no difficulty in obtaining one of our instruments. You can purchase one by our weekly payment system. Write for particulars.

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All kinds of "made" dishes—hashes, stews, ragouts, soups—are better with the addition of E.D.S. It's surprising what one packet will do. Try it!

At all Grocers, Cornchandlers, &c., in penny packets.



"Ready in a minute, you see!"

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP.
For Hashes, Soups, and Stews.

Britons who May Not Speak English.



Places in
the United
Kingdom
where English is not the
Language Used.

Some English Children Know Only Yiddish.

And Britishers in Jersey Have to Speak French.

It is hard for the average Briton to realise that within a stone's throw of the great seaport of Liverpool are hundreds of thousands of people speaking a language vastly more different from English than either French or German.

It must be remembered, too, that the Welsh—for it is their language which is spoken of—are Britons also. Indeed, their claim to the title is really better than that of the average Englishman or Scotsman.

For the Welsh people are the descendants of the Ancient Britons of history, and their language is a survival of that spoken by Caractacus and Boadicea in those stirring days of our island's history.

There are, of course, large English-speaking districts in Wales, where the people know little or no Welsh, but, according to the census returns for 1901, there were still close upon a million speakers of the ancient language of the principality. Of these 280,905 persons were returned as speaking no English whatever.

GAELIC SPOKEN IN CANADA.

The Gaelic spoken in parts of the Highlands of Scotland has not quite so strong a hold as the Welsh. Still, it will come as a surprise to many to learn that there are 202,700 people who speak it as well, or better, than they speak English, while no fewer than 28,106 persons are unable to speak English at all.

It is by no means the fact, as many suppose, that the further north you go in Scotland, the more Gaelic you hear spoken.

Quite close to Glasgow, in the Western Isles, are thousands of Gaelic speakers, while, on the other hand, in places so far north as Orkney and Shetland practically nothing but English is spoken.

In Inverness-shire, in fact, while nearly half the population understand Gaelic, the English spoken by the other half is by some authorities declared to be the purest known.

It is a surprising fact that in Canada to-day, there are Scottish settlements where little else but Gaelic has been spoken for generations. What is more, in the vicinity of these settlements, there are negroes and Red Indians who have picked up the language, and speak it in preference to any other.

REVIVAL OF THE ERSE LANGUAGE.

While only 20,958 people—mostly old—are now returned as speaking exclusively the native Irish, or Erse, it speaks volumes for the natural aptness of the Irish mind, that no fewer than 620,189 people are returned as able to speak Irish as well as English.

The Celtic League, however, in Ireland, is doing much for the revival of the old Irish language. Societies for the study of the grammar and literature of the old tongue are being formed, amateurs are devoting their energies to the production of stage plays in the language, and some of the newspapers are printing columns daily in Erse.

It will probably be news to many that Cornwall ever had a separate language. Even more startling will be the question recently raised, "Is the Cornish language really dead?"

In Queen Elizabeth's time it was said to be already dying, and at Paul, near Mousehole, is a grave with the inscription, well known to antiquaries:

"Here lieth Dolly Pentreath, who died in 1775, said to have been the last person who conversed in the ancient Cornish."

WELSH SHOWS NO SIGNS OF DYING.

Only ten years since, however, there was living at Zennor, near St. Ives, an old man who asserted he understood the Cornish, which he had learnt from his father; and now zealous local philologists are busy unearthing other old people whom they claim to possess at least a certain knowledge of the ancient tongue.

If these languages are "dying out," they are certainly doing it very slowly—particularly the Welsh.

English is, of course, taught in the elementary schools of Wales, and the lessons are given in English, but it is a fact that many young men and women have never acquired any real grasp of the, to them, foreign tongue.

Welsh is the language of the home and the streets, and the moment they leave school they make no endeavour to keep up their English, and soon forget all of it they have learnt, except a few odd phrases.

Old Norman-French is still spoken in some of the Channel Islands.

In Jersey, for instance, legal proceedings are conducted in French. British soldiers before the courts

can only be tried in a foreign language, and British residents not native to the island are kept off the jury lists, because they do not understand the quaint old French employed.

A determined attempt was recently made to legalise the English language, but the island legislature was not "having any." By fourteen votes to ten it rejected the proposal.

There is, however, quite another class of Britons who, for various reasons, are unable to speak English. In this connection, a curious discovery was made a few weeks ago by a school attendance officer in a provincial city.

He found a child named Triffitt, of about five years, who had played so much with the little Jewish children in the neighbourhood, that he was practically unable to speak any language but Yiddish.

Stranger still was the case of the Queensland squatter, Letty by name, who, having sustained monetary losses, grew morose, and swore he would bring his children up "like niggers."

There was an encampment of blacks in the vicinity, and here the father caused his three little children—the eldest only six years old—to live for months, running about naked, and acquiring the aboriginal language. When their mother finally rescued them by means of legal proceedings, the eldest could scarcely comprehend a question in simple English.

The case which occurred a few years ago of an Englishman named White, who, though he had lived in this country nearly all his life, could only speak the Russian language, was peculiar, but, at all events, there was a medical explanation.

CAN'T SPEAK HIS OWN LANGUAGE.

The disease known as "word blindness," is well known to doctors. It frequently happens that educated people suffering from it are able to read perfectly well, say, French or Greek, but, at the same time, are unable to distinguish a word of English.

Smith's case was somewhat similar, except that his was a deficiency of the ear rather than of the eye. After an attack of paralysis, he found himself one day unable to speak, or even understand a word of English. He had to be communicated with by signs.

By degrees Mr. Smith, to some extent, recovered his use of English, and then was induced by his friends to go on a shooting trip to Russia. Here he picked up the Russian language with amazing facility, and the upshot of it was that, being an eligible bachelor, he married a Russian young lady, and settled down in the land of the Tsar.

It is now more than a century since the mutineers of the famous *Bounty*, whose feats have been introduced into so many tales of adventure, settled on Pitcairn Island in the Pacific.

DIALECT IN NORTHERN ENGLAND.

According to Commander G. F. S. Knowling, of H.M.S. *Icarus*, who recently visited the island, the descendants of the mutineers no longer speak what may be described as English.

The language they speak is rather a species of "pidgin" English, made by clipping English words, and adding words of their own. In fact, some of the islanders seem scarcely to understand proper English at all.

After all, in a sense, there are Britons all over the kingdom who do not speak English—in fact, in almost every county.

"Wheer atts bahn?" for instance. What on earth could the average man outside Yorkshire make of a question like that?

And yet, in another sense, many of these dialects are not only English, but excellent English. The question quoted, for instance, is simply the Yorkshireman's rendering of the good old form, "Whither art thou bound?"

The query is to be heard to-day, pronounced exactly as spelt, not only in the rural parts of the county of broad acres, but coming from the lips of scores of thousands of sturdy Yorkshiremen, even in a go-ahead city like Leeds.

THE REWARD OF MODESTY.

THE EMPLOYER: "I believe, sir, that you pride yourself upon your excessive modesty, do you not?"

The Employed: "Well, yes; I may say that I do."

The Employer: "In that case it occurs to me that your salary may not be sufficiently modest to suit you. I beg to assure you, however, that this matter will be attended to at once, and that henceforth you will have no reason to blush on pay days. That is all."

WOOPER: "Ah, may I be your captain, and guide your barque over the sea of life?"

Widow: "No; but you can be my second mate."

"Does this climate agree with you?" asked the solicitous person.

"Very seldom," answered the man of serious mien.

"I'm a professional weather prophet!"

GWILLIAMS: "Slickinger has disappointed me. He was a young man of great promise. Everybody thought he would be a big gun some day."

Saint: "Well, he did become what you might call a big bore. He's a life insurance agent."

THE EARLIEST THING I REMEMBER.

Interesting Recollections of Famous People.

THOUGH over forty years have passed since I have seen it, Bray Head, near Dublin, remains distinctly in my mind. To this place I remember being taken as a tiny child to numerous garden parties.—Owen Hall.

I WAS most anxious to go to school. That is the very first thing I remember. When I was six years old my wish was granted, but within a few days I was completely cured of my scholastic passion.—Dr. F. J. Furnivall.

My earliest memories are of the sea and a big training ship, the *Boscawen*, which was then commanded by my father, Captain Pocock, R.N. I used to feel myself a sort of princess, and my father and mother were king and queen, when we were rowed about by a crew of eight handsome sailor lads.—Lena Ashwell.

I HAVE no recollection of anything happening to me till I was six years old, when my parents went to live in Greenock. Here I developed an abiding passion for swimming, although I never received any lessons in the natatory art—simply being chucked into the water, and left to find my way out of it as best I could.—H. W. Macbeth, R.A.

My earliest recollections are of the time when we lived on a farm in Devonshire—a little place that my grandmother occupied, and eventually left to my mother. We always spent the summer at that country place, and in the late autumn moved into Plymouth, where we remained until the winter was over.—Florence St. John.

I WAS born when my father, having retired from the Navy, in which he was a commander, was stationed in the West of Ireland; and I lived in the wilds as a small mite. The country left an immense impression on me; and I have never lost it. Then my father died, and the family moved to my mother's home in Yorkshire.—Madame Sarah Grand.

A VISIT to the guardship at Devonport is the earliest cherished recollection of my childhood. I was brought up in a country home far from the sea; but as a child I was often in Plymouth, in the old sailing days of the Navy, and delighted in the wooden walls, and the brave bluejackets, little thinking that my life would be connected with them.—Agnes Weston.

I LOVED to climb trees and to swing on gates, and to get into every kind of scrape that a prim and orderly little girl would safely avoid. I had no brothers, but this fact did not prevent my being a regular tomboy. When I was ten years old I was sent over to Germany to a school in Wiesbaden, and there I remained for three years and a half.—Julia Neilson.

I DO not remember my first appearance on the stage—at the age of two. The general impression I retain of my first early performances is that I sadly marred the effect of the pieces in which I appeared. My most vivid memory of the stage as a child is of the time when I was seven years old, and when I was seen by Mr. Charles Sennett, the well-known actor, who said I acquitted myself well.—Mrs. Kendal.

My first recollections are of a little farm with a little house and a big barn, completely surrounded by great forest trees, at a place known as Blanchard, in the State of Maine. At that time the early settlers used to cut down the trees, and burn them, and then sow wheat and plant potatoes between their stumps; and, on account of the great richness of the soil, very large crops were obtained.—Hiram Stevens Maxim.

THE earliest thing I remember was connected with music when I was six years old, and living at Malta, where my father was then a captain in the Garrison Artillery. A soldier's funeral was passing our quarters. I stuck to the big drum all the way to the cemetery and back again, only leaving it and the man when they passed our home. Arriving there I was promptly pounced on by an irate father and a tearful mother. I learnt later that half the battery had been hunting Valetta for me.—Charles Mannors.

My first memory is of a childish incident which might very well have ended in tragedy. I was five years of age at the time. One cold, winter day my little sister, aged three and a half, and I went out for a walk, and wandered into a disused quarry half filled with water. I fell into the water, and was in danger of being drowned, when my baby sister, with most marvellous presence of mind, took off a shawl which my mother had wrapped round her, and waded out as far as she dared. Then she threw the shawl to me, and so dragged me on to firm land once again.—Brandon Thomas.

My first memories are connected with art. I was drawn towards the study of painting at an early age, although I have no claims to be considered an infant prodigy, notwithstanding my efforts at drawing at the age of four! I used to persuade my mother to wake me every morning very early by the simple expedient of jerking a string tied to my big toe, in order that I might devote myself to my beloved drawing until the moment that I had to leave for school. She, I remember, would sit in the window watching for my schoolmaster to come in sight, so that I might put away my brushes and race him to school.—Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A.

THE MOST IMPORTANT LIQUID IN THE WORLD.

The Marvellous Story of Human Blood.

There is no liquid known to man which has anything like the same importance as his own Blood. Blood, if we have enough of it (and if we have not, the present article will show us how to get more), makes up about one-twelfth of our bodily weight. That is to say, a twelve-stone man ought to have about fourteen pounds of Blood in him. So that the very quantity of Blood makes it an important factor of man's body. Any deficiency has the most serious consequences. Its work in the body, however, makes it still more important. If Shylock could (as Portia demanded) have cut off a pound of Antonio's flesh without sacrificing any of the Blood, he would have done the merchant a great deal less harm than if he had drawn off a pound's weight of Blood and left the flesh. For the Blood is what nourishes, and at the same time cleanses the inmost recesses of the body. All the food we eat, and all the air we breathe, are absorbed by the Blood. From the first moment of individual life until the last moment before death, Blood is being pumped through the arteries and veins of the body by the heart, at the rate of about seventy-two heart-beats a minute, more or less, and so active are its movements that the whole fourteen pounds or so of Blood in the body of an average man makes the complete journey through his arteries and veins, from one side of the heart back to the other,

DURING EVERY 26 SECONDS

of his whole life—feeding him, clearing out waste matter, suffusing the brain in thought, throwing off carbonic acid in the lungs, swiftly carrying where it is needed the nourishment it picks up as it passes the walls of the stomach; constituting, in fact, the great feeder and cleanser of the system. All the wonderful processes go on from life's beginning to life's end, without our once becoming conscious of it. So little do we realise what is going on that the strangest misconceptions exist on the subject. For instance, Blood is constantly spoken of as a red liquid. But

BLOOD IS NOT RED

in the sense that red ink is a red liquid. The fluid of the Blood is nearly colourless, and the red colour seen in the Blood when we cut ourselves is due to tiny disc-like bodies called corpuscles, floating in the clear fluid or serum. Scientists who have made careful calculations tell us that these discs are so small that

3,500 OF THEM

would need to be laid side by side to measure an inch in length, and they are only about one quarter as thick as they are wide. There are millions of them in every drop of Blood.

Yet, tiny as they are, these little red bodies are the really important part of the Blood, because it is they which do the Blood's work. If they become diminished in number (which often happens) we at once begin to suffer in consequence. Our food ceases to nourish us properly. Our appetite falls off, and even what food we eat cannot be properly absorbed, so that we have indigestion, and suffer from the resulting headaches, constipation, and biliousness. The lips and inside the lids of the eyes show the want of red Blood by becoming pale; and the colour goes from the cheeks, leaving a pale, sallow hue behind. Presently the lungs suffer; we cannot breathe enough air, or use it properly, and, in neglected cases, consumption follows Anæmia, which is the name of the disease made up of the symptoms just described.

It is thus a very much more serious matter than some people imagine to have

TOO LITTLE BLOOD

or to have the Blood deficient in red corpuscles. Minute as these are, they make all the difference to a man's or woman's health. The pressure of the Blood in the arteries ought to be equal to the weight of a column of mercury about six inches high. If we have not enough rich Blood in us to keep up the pressure, all energy is sapped away; the heart has not enough work to do, and begins to flutter and palpitate, or perhaps seriously injures itself in

THE EFFORT TO DO ITS DUTY.

Now, it is quite evident that the only way to get rid of the effects of thin, poor Blood—this anæmia, indigestion, bile, constipation, headache, breathlessness, palpitation of the heart, general weakness, and miserable lack of energy and spirits—is to build up the Blood by some means. It is of no use to tinker at the system with medicines which are supposed to relieve one or other of the effects of bloodlessness. We must make New Blood. New Blood will cure all this misery, just in

THE SAME WAY THAT FOOD CURES HUNGER.

Fortunately for many people there is a medicine—Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people—that, beyond all question, actually makes New Blood. Every dose reinforces the supply. As soon as these pills are taken the appetite begins to revive, because the stomach is able to use the food we take and begins

to call for more food. The heart beats more strongly—having Blood to work upon. The Blood pressure increases, giving energy and activity to the muscles. Colour returns to the cheeks, lips, and gums. Every part of the body feels and shows

THE BENEFIT OF THE NEW BLOOD

that is made. The effect of Dr. Williams' pink pills in building up weak or shattered constitutions is wonderful. They have saved a great many lives in this way. The following is a typical case:

Miss Cissie Coggle, 45 Montague Street, Prescott Street, Liverpool, was threatened by death from Consumption, and has survived to become a noble specimen of healthy English womanhood, thanks to this medicine, Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. From her infancy she had suffered from Anæmia—that is to say, she had never had enough Blood.

She had taken tonics for years, and tonics did her no good. Probably the end would have been that she would have drifted into a decline, become Consumptive, and died. It was food her Blood needed; Dr. Williams' pink pills are the food of the Blood.

There can be little doubt that they saved her life; and it is quite certain that they changed her from a weak and puny girl into a healthy, blooming woman.

What she says of herself gives the clue to her state of miserable ill-health, and any girl who suffers in the same way as Miss Coggle will fully realise what Dr. Williams' pink pills are capable of. Miss Coggle said:

"I was very Anæmic. I had lost all my colour. I always felt languid. The least walk put me out of breath, and I was generally fit for nothing. I had such palpitations of the heart that I could not get upstairs without resting two or three times on the way. My father suggested that I should try Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. Other tonics had done me no good. I never seemed to have any blood in me. But Dr. Williams' pink pills

GAVE ME BLOOD.

I had finished the first box before any great change occurred; but I kept on with them, and soon began to feel stronger. We have never had a doctor in the house since. My heart no longer troubles me; and although I gave up taking the pills six months ago, because I no longer needed them, I have continued well, and am strong enough for any exertion."

Such a case as this deserves public attention. Anæmia shows in the face, the appetite, the walk. Pale, bloodless lips, dull eyes, aching limbs and back, breathlessness, fatigue, are the signs. The Anæmic girl starves for want of Blood. She cannot digest her food. Her development is immediately checked. Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people cure Anæmia, prevent Consumption, assist Development.

Another duty of the Blood is to feed the nerves—those delicate fibres which run all over the body and enable us to feel. If they are starved through poor and insufficient Blood, the nerves punish us with cruel neuralgias and sciaticas which rack the very life of the sufferer. It has been well said that neuralgia is

THE CRY OF THE NERVES FOR FOOD.

It is of no use to get teeth pulled out to cure neuralgia, or to put on mustard-plasters or rub in liniments for sciatica or lumbago. We must feed the nerves with New Blood. Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people cure nerve-pain so wonderfully, simply because they make New Blood—for no other reason. No one who has suffered from neuralgia, nervous headache, general nervous weakness, lamp, aching back, sciatica, or any nerve-pain, can conceive, without once trying them, what wonderful power Dr. Williams' pink pills have in curing these troubles. They cure because they remove the cause. The case of Mr. Nicholas Price well illustrates this:

For many years Mr. Price suffered from rheumatism and sciatica. The excruciating agonies he endured can only be thoroughly understood by those who have known the torments of these complaints.

Rheumatism and sciatica are among the most agonising maladies. The former consists of severe pains in the joints or in the muscles—pain aggravated by cold. Sciatica has been described as pain

LIKE RED-HOT NEEDLES

in the hip, down the back of the thigh, extending to the knee, and perhaps to the ankle. The course taken by the pain is often painful to the touch. Mr. Price, who lives at 29 Milk Street, Bristol, not only found relief, but a perfect cure, in Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people.

In answer to questions, Mr. Price said: "I am fifty-seven years of age, and for years I have suffered very badly from rheumatism and sciatica. Just below the kneecap the rheumatism settled most severely. The pain kept me awake at night. During the day, when resting my leg, I was unable to keep it in one position for more than a few minutes at a time. I could not bear to touch it. The life of ease I should have enjoyed, having no business, was robbed of all its pleasures by the pain I had to endure. I seem to have said a good deal about pain, but I was one mass of it, and any movement almost, brought on 'oh' from me. One day I saw a newspaper article about a case similar to my own which had been cured by Dr. Williams' pink pills. I decided to try the pills. I bought a box, and, after taking the contents, felt slightly better. Some people expect one box to work miracles, and if it fails, stop. But I am very different, so I bought another box of pills, and when they had gone I

felt better in every sense of the word. Still I continued, with the result that to-day I am better than I have been for years, notwithstanding my age. I can knock my leg about without the slightest pain," and, suiting the action to the word, Mr. Price gave his leg a hearty slap. "It is doubly fortunate that I came across that account of the wonderful cures of this medicine which makes pure Blood, for otherwise I could never have gone back to work this week as I have done. Why, I hardly knew myself when the pain left me."

"Do you know of anyone else who has benefited by the pills, Mr. Price?"

"Yes; a gentleman staying with me now was cured of paralysis of the left side and also loss of speech."

To conclude, therefore, Blood is

THE MOST IMPORTANT LIQUID

in the world. On it depend health, strength, and happiness. It is the food of the body, and Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people are the food of the Blood. They make new Blood and pure Blood. Ladies particularly are grateful for the good which these pills do them. They need (and they know why they need) blood-feeding more than men—though most men would be surprised to find how much better a dose of Dr. Williams' pink pills after meals would make them feel in a day or two, how much better they would eat, how much more energy they would have for work or play. Girls and women who spend hours or days at a time lying down with headaches, backaches, biliousness, and general misery, can be made happy and free from pain, and the expectation of pain, by Dr. Williams' pink pills. Whatever diseases arise from lack of Blood, or impurity in the Blood, these pills have cured in cases of which the particulars have been published in newspapers all over the country, and reprinted in pamphlets, of which a copy will be sent to any address by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Holborn Viaduct, London—cases of anæmia, bile, consumption, decline, eczema, fits, gout, heart-disease, indigestion, kidney troubles, locomotor ataxy, neuralgia, paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance, and all sorts and forms of weakness.

THE PROOF AT HAND.

The company will be delighted to answer questions, and prove every point raised. Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people can be obtained wherever medicines are sold, or will be sent post free by the company from the above address for two shillings and ninepence per box (or thirteen-and-nine for six boxes); and when thus sent there is no fear of mistake. We mention this because occasionally a shopkeeper will try to sell a substitute, on pretence of being "as good" as the genuine article. We have never yet been able to learn that anyone has got any good out of a substitute. On the other hand, we have heard from thousands of persons who have been cured of the most obstinate disorders by the genuine pills. The latter, however, can always be distinguished by the fact that they bear the full registered title, Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people (seven words), and they are to be purchased almost anywhere.

One of the greatest physicians in the wide world, Dr. Lapponi, the famous physician to the Pope, has confirmed, after careful trials, the value of Dr. Williams' pink pills. He wrote:

"I certify that I have tried Dr. Williams' pink pills in four cases of the simple Anæmia of development. After a few weeks of treatment, the result came fully up to my expectations. For that reason I shall not fail in the future to extend the use of this laudable preparation not only in the treatment of other morbid forms of the category of Anæmia or Chlorosis, but also in cases of Neurasthenia and the like."

AN IMPORTANT OPINION.

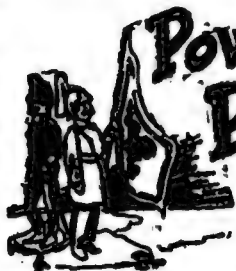
It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of this opinion. Dr. Lapponi's high official position places his professional competence above question, and it is certain that he did not write as above without weighing his words, or without a full sense of the effect his opinion would have.

The simple "Anæmia of development" referred to by Dr. Lapponi is, of course, that tired, languid state of young girls whose development to womanhood is tardy, and whose health, at the period of that development, is often imperilled. A girl, bright and merry enough in childhood, will in her teens grow by degrees pale and languid. Frequent headaches, and a sense of uneasiness which she cannot understand make her miserable. Just when it is time for her to leave off being a girl and become a woman—a change which comes to different individuals at different ages—her development lingers and hangs fire—why? Because she has too little Blood. That is what Dr. Lapponi means when he speaks, in the scientific language natural to him, of "the Anæmia of development."

Not only anæmia, but all diseases arising from lack of blood, or blood that needs cleansing and enriching, have been cured, as thousands testify, by the use of the genuine medicine—Dr. Williams' pink pills.

An arrangement has been made by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company to give special attention to correspondents who may be interested in this article. A letter addressed to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Enquiry Department, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring a prompt response, and readers of either sex are invited to describe their symptoms fully and confidentially, and they will be frankly told whether Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people have cured similar sufferings in other correspondents or not.

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Powers that are Powerless

European States you Never
Hear About.

Which of our Readers
Knows where Tavolara is
Situated?

Or that there is such a Principality as Goust?

THERE are a number of European countries of which one seldom hears and certainly knows nothing. Who, for instance, knows where the Republic of Andorra is situated?

Andorra is a half French and half Spanish Republic, and lies in an almost inaccessible valley of the Eastern Pyrenees, between the French department of Ariège and the Spanish province of Lerida. It dates from Charlemagne in 790, and is just four-fifths the size of the Isle of Man, covering an area of 148 square miles. There are six parishes in the Republic, with a combined population of 6,500 people.

There is but one way of reaching Andorra from France, and that is by the River Bolira. The Spaniard who desires to reach it must go by mule over one of the most dangerous footpaths in Europe.

The President of the Republic, who will be President so long as he lives, receives a salary of £3 a year for his services! The members of the Council, of whom there are twenty-four, each parish being represented by four picked men, are paid from £1 to 30s. each every twelve months.

AN ARMY OF 1,100 MEN.

Andorra is a free country, and the people are chiefly engaged in farming, cattle-breeding, and trading in wool, wood, and charcoal. The Republic is forced to import from France, and they have to pay the French Government 1,000 francs (£40) a year for the free importation of corn into the country.

Andorra has not only an army of 1,100 men, but every able-bodied Andorran is trained to take up arms in case of invasion, a very unlikely contingency, however.

Tavolara, as regards population, is the smallest of small Powers in the world. The total population falls short of 100 by a good score. This tiny country is an island some five miles long and half a mile broad, situated about ten or twelve miles north-east of Sardinia.

Tavolara is one of the few countries in the world where women are allowed to go to the polls and vote with the men. Ever since 1886, when it became a Republic, elections have taken place yearly, and the women have assisted in the transaction of public business and political arguments.

WHERE PEOPLE PAY NO TAXES.

In 1850 the Island of Tavolara belonged to one man, it having been granted to him fourteen years before by King Charles Albert of Sardinia.

When the owner died the island became general property, and the inhabitants drew up a Constitution. Italy appears to have been the only nation to have recognised its independence; all other Powers seem to ignore the place altogether.

Very few people have heard of the existence of the Republic or Principality of Liechtenstein. This is an unobtrusive country, not quite one-fifth the size of Rutland, the smallest county in England.

Separated by the Rhine, Liechtenstein is shut away from the great Powers of Europe, and its ruler, Johann II., who has been on the throne nearly fifty years, refuses to converse with any but his own people. His palace is in the heart of the chief town, which is on Lake Constance, and called Liechtenstein, after the country.

The Principality has no army, and the people pay no rates or taxes. In character they are happy-natured, good-living people, and their fond love for liberty keeps them from being held under by their ruler.

BISHOP ACTS AS JUDGE.

Situated on the summit of a peculiar-shaped mountain in the Basses Pyrenees, South of France, is the Republic of Goust, one of the quaintest little countries in or out of Europe.

The total area of Goust is one and a quarter square miles, and the population is 140. Its origin dates back from 1648, and it is fully recognised, and always has been, by both Spain and France.

Although Goust has a President of its own, its real ruler is the Bishop of Laruns, a small Spanish parish at the foot of the mountain. The President is tax-collector, and judge, but the Bishop tries the criminal cases, and what he says is law.

There is no church or clergyman, burial ground or sexton in Goust, and all baptisms and marriages are undertaken by the Bishop. When a death happens, a by no means rare occurrence, the coffin is slid down to a valley below the mountain.

There is a tract of land extending to about eighty square miles in the western part of North Carolina,

and this territory is known as the Republic of Qualla Reserve, the home of 1,500 of the Cherokee Indians.

Its independence is acknowledged by the American Government, but foreign Powers do not recognise it. As likely as not the majority of them do not know of its existence.

The President of the Republic, a full-fledged Cherokee Indian, receives a salary of £2 a week and expenses. He has three secretaries at his command, and their incomes range from £35 to £75 a year.

There is a Council of Congress, consisting of two representatives from every hundred of the population, and the President is not allowed to act in any matter of public policy without their consent beforehand.

The Indian citizens of the Qualla Reserve are religiously-minded, and regularly attend the Baptist or Methodist Church. There is a public college in the Republic, provided for by the Constitution, and the majority of the masters are either Englishmen or Americans.

Every young Cherokee has to be well versed in the English language before he is allowed to leave school and go out into the world.

The most attractive of all the "little" Powers is San Marino, in Central Italy. The entire area is thirty-three square miles, and the population numbers 8,550 all told. This tiny Republic was founded away back in the fourth century by St. Marinus, who, having embraced Christianity, fled there to escape persecution under Diocletian.

POSTMEN DON'T DELIVER LETTERS.

The chief town of San Marino bears the same name, and is perched on the crest of a mountain, 2,500ft. high.

A Legislative Senate of sixty members governs the Republic. Two Captains-Regent, elected periodically, represent the State, which has also its Home Secretary, its Minister of Foreign Affairs, its Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a regular army.

The San Marino military is regularly drilled and profusely decorated, and officered exclusively by generals. The army consists of 1,000 men, and they are excellent riflemen.

By treaty with Italy, San Marino receives a certain proportion of the Italian Customs revenue, and is also allowed to import tobacco duty free.

There are no newspapers, printing offices, or printing presses in the Republic, and the people, therefore, never have questions of copyright sprung upon them to upset their equanimity.

When the mail arrives at Borgo, a huge bell is rung for an hour, and the inhabitants who dwell far up the cliffs have to descend to get their letters, or go without them. Owing to the very primitive state of affairs, no postman ascends the mountain.

Mrs. TWISTER: "My husband has gone off his head, doctor, and can't attend to his business."

Doctor: "Oh, I daresay I shall soon put him all right, madam."

Mrs. Twister: "But it's a serious matter, doctor, for he's an acrobat, and I may say gets his living by being on his head."

HERE is a reproduction of the cover of the second song in the new series "Pearson's Sixpenny Music." It can be obtained at any bookstall, bookseller's, or music seller's for sixpence, or direct from the Publisher, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.O., for 6d. post free.



"Homeward," the first of the series, can still be obtained at the same places and at the same price. All songs and pieces of music submitted for consideration in this series must be accompanied by stamps to cover the cost of return postage.

BUCKS AND DOES FOR LONDON'S SHERIFFS.

The Oldest Customs in Britain's Biggest City.

THE City Fathers are practically agreed upon the point that the ancient custom of sending venison warrants to the Lord Mayor and sheriffs, and some of the officers of the Corporation, by command of the King, would be hard to beat, looked at from a standpoint of antiquity.

The warrants are issued in July and December of each year, those in July for bucks, and in December for does. The animals come from the Royal forests.

Here is the history of the old custom, as written and preserved in the archives of the Corporation.

In 1101, in the time of Henry I., the King granted and confirmed by charter, that "the citizens of London shall have all the rights and privileges to the hunt in the Royal demesnes as well and as full as their ancestors had." This Royal concession was subsequently confirmed by three successive charters, bearing the seals of three successive monarchs, Henry II., John, and Henry III.

For reasons which are not clearly stated the citizens were eventually debarred from joining in the chase in the Royal parks, and as a solatium, the then reigning King ordered that the Lord Mayor and sheriffs should receive annually from the Royal forests so many deer, but the name of this King is not precisely known.

Anyhow, for some hundreds of years the citizens of London have not hunted within the Royal parks, and every year the First Commissioner of Works regularly sends to the City Remembrancer the warrants for the venison for the Lord Mayor and other officials, that officer distributing the warrants to the persons named therein.

There have been two or three brushes between the City Fathers and the officials of the Government, ancient these warrants.

One story goes that in 1821, soon after the accession of George IV., that monarch had grave doubts about the genuineness of the original charter giving the City Fathers the right to receive free of all charge the deer specified in the warrants, and so the King ordered an inquiry to be made.

The Royal command was obeyed, and the Royal mind satisfied, that the City Fathers were not guilty of sharp practices in claiming their deer.

In 1856 another quibbling took place between the First Commissioner and the Corporation. The former wrote saying that as the Royal parks were getting thinned of deer, the usual gift of venison to the Lord Mayor and City officials would have to be modified. That naturally quite upset the Fathers, and they presented a memorial to the Lords of the Treasury, clearly setting forth their claims to the Queen's free gift of eighteen bucks and eighteen does to the occupants of the civic chair and his officers.

The wrangling went on for three years, during 1856, 1857, and 1858, at the end of which time it was mutually agreed that for all time the City authorities would receive warrants for twelve bucks and twelve does annually. The First Commissioner wanted to reduce the supply from eighteen to five bucks.

A very pretty and picturesque ceremony is the giving of baskets of fruit by the Fruiterers' Company to the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, first started away back in the fourteenth century.

The presentation originally consisted of twelve bushels of apples of various kinds, and it was made at the end of November.

The master, wardens, and clerk of the company first attended at the Guildhall to apprise his lordship of the presentation, and then there started from the Farringdon Market a procession of twelve neatly-dressed men carrying on their heads the panniers containing the apples, which were covered over with a white napkin, the procession being headed by the Company's stately and gorgeously-dressed beadle.

Thus the procession passed through the streets, and arrived at the official residence of the Lord Mayor. The procession was ushered into what is known as the Egyptian Hall, where they were received by his lordship and lady.

Servants emptied the baskets, and then her ladyship formally directed the head servant to place a bottle of wine in each basket for the carriers.

This ceremony was observed in its entirety up to about thirty years ago, since then it has been shorn of much of its picturesqueness.

The proclamation of a new monarch in the City is an interesting and ancient ceremony. The civic authorities, headed by the Lord Mayor, march to the western boundary of the City, where they meet the Officers-at-Arms, who demand admittance into the City. The senior officer advances and presents to the Chief Magistrate the Order in Council, which he reads.

All then proceed to the corner of Chancery Lane, where the proclamation is read, to the accompaniment of the stirring notes of the Lord Mayor's trumpeters. Then they go on to Wood Street in the City, where the same ceremony is gone through, after which the proclamation is again read from the steps of the Royal Exchange, and the ceremony concluded by a grand flourish of trumpets.

WHAT BECOMES OF OLD POLICEMEN.

Interesting Items About Our Police Pensioners.

In a basement-office at 7 Victoria Street, still keen and alert, sits Mr. Jas. Stanbridge, ex-inspector of the Metropolitan Police, F Division. A chat with him in his capacity of secretary of the Police Pensioners' Employment Association is an eye-opener as to what becomes of old members of "the force."

Said the inspector the other day to P.W.: "Yes, we are prepared to supply men in uniform or out of it for almost any purpose, but it is a fact we do get some strange applications."

"We have Americans here who want to be taken round Jack-the-Ripper-land at a moment's notice, and little Japs who ask all sort of odd questions."

"Then there is the old lady who wants a steady man who can carry her. You see, she has to be lifted in and out of her Bath chair, after which our man trundles her about in the park. Nervous old ladies, too, with a fear of burglars, sometimes want an ex-policeman to sleep on the premises. But the funniest application I ever had was from a woman who wanted a man to keep her husband out of the house. She didn't get him, though," continued the inspector with a smile.

"You see," the speaker explained, "she was a lady in business for herself, who had been advised by her solicitor she was entitled to keep her scamp of a husband out of a house she held in her own name."

"Once, too, a lady wired us for a 'cook and house-maid at once.' She evidently took us for a sort of servants' registry. Goodness knows, we have enough to do with the men, without tackling the women."

Mr. Stanbridge here launched into details respecting his Association, which it appeared was established so long ago as 1888, by ex-policemen themselves.

It does not pose as a charity. Expenses are considerable, and the members are not averse to an occasional donation, but in the main the Association is and always has been self-supporting.

Pensions, after a quarter of a century's service, average only about a pound a week; and the members—many of them still in the prime of manhood—have no desire to lead a life of idleness on this somewhat meagre income.

Therefore, in the words of their secretary, they are "open to anything that comes along." They are engaged as time-keepers and watchmen, as general assistants at the various large stores—also as attendants, doorkeepers, and the like at theatres, music-halls, and other places of amusement. They are even asked to manage public-houses.

Nor is the Association one of those bodies which exist to fleece applicants for employment. Members temporarily engaged are only expected to hand over a penny per five shillings earned, and all other "charges," so to speak, are equally reasonable.

Everything is done on business lines, under the supervision of a committee of the members themselves. From the balance-sheet, it would appear that 3,247 days of temporary employment were found for members during the last year alone. There is an influential list of patrons, headed by the Duke of Westminster.

"Yes," resumed the inspector, in answer to a further inquiry, "the group in that photograph represents some ten of our fellows who went to Douglas, in the Isle of Man, one season to assist the local force."

From a local newspaper cutting produced by the inspector, it appeared that "the Londoners" had "gained golden opinions for the admirably tactful manner in which they have fulfilled their duties."

"Yes," went on the speaker, "our men are often engaged by the railway companies. Once some of them had what they called a 'counting job'—in other words, acted as enumerators for the Traffic Commission. Why, one man formerly on our books is now a superintendent of railway police."

"On another occasion, the Guernsey people wanted an ex-superintendent to re-organise their local police. A superintendent we found rather too big an order. However, we sent them an inspector, who earned high praise for the way he accomplished his task."

"No, we don't send our men abroad, but we often could do if they were only linguists. For instance, a patent medicine firm which makes large use of our members as supervisors of their sample distributors throughout the country, would gladly provide them with similar duties in France if they could only 'parley-voe.'"

"At one time, however, we did send a good many of our men to Russia. They always came straight back, though."

"You see, our fellows had charge of criminals who had been extradited for the Russian Government. The home authorities saw the prisoners off from Hull, or whatever the port was. Then they washed their hands of them, and our members took charge of them on the voyage on behalf of the Russian Government, handing them over to the Russian police at the other end. We got our pay from the Russian Embassy."

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Below will be found four questions regarding which every reader of P.W. has a definite opinion. First of all fill up the coupon below, cut it out, and paste it at the top of a sheet of paper. Then, underneath, express your opinion concerning each question in not more than twenty words. Keep your attempts by you until one more set of questions has appeared. Do not send in your coupons until you are told to do so in the paper.

The prizes will go to those competitors from whom the Editor receives what he considers to be the best complete sets of opinions.

The Editor's decision in all matters concerning this competition is final and conclusive, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

9. Should cats be taxed?

11. Should children be whipped?

10. Should clergymen go to theatres?

12. Should married men belong to clubs?

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FANNY: "I think it will interest her to hear of Jack."

JACK: "Decidedly! I've heard her say that she never wanted his name mentioned in her presence again."

"You know Jones, who was reputed so rich? Well, he died the other day, and the only thing he left was an old Dutch clock."

"Well, there's one good thing about it; it won't be much trouble to wind up his estate!"

"AND what are you in here for, my poor man?" asked the lady visitor of the prisoner.

"For making money, mum," was the reply.

"But, dear me, it's not a crime to make money!"

"Yes, it is, mum," replied the prisoner, "when you makes shillings an' half-crowns, an' so on."

"I've heard it said, doctor," remarked Miss Ascum, "that a good big dose of salt water will often cure sea-sickness."

"That's possible," replied Dr. Wise.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, if the quantity of salt water is sufficient to drown you."

"If you were going to elope, which would you prefer—a motor-car or—"

"Oh, Charles, I never thought of such a thing; but if you insist, let us not wait—I'm an awfully good walker."

TALL: "I am told, sir, that you said yesterday I ought to be placed in a lunatic asylum."

Ball: "A base slander, my dear sir, I assure you. What I did say, and I like to be exact, was that the keepers should never have allowed you to escape."

A BACHELOR one day set the table in his lonely abode with plates for himself and an imaginary wife and five children. He then sat down to dine, and as he helped himself to food he put the same quantity on each of the other plates and surveyed the prospect, at the same time computing the cost. He is still a bachelor.

NELL: "Yes, Ernest gave me this ring. I accepted him last night."

Flo: "I'm so glad."

Nell: "Are you really? He used to call on you, didn't he?"

Flo: "Yes, and I was beginning to fear I'd have to accept him."

THE MYSTERY OF A SILENT COURT.

By the Author of "The Haunted House in Berkeley Square," "A Bitter Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE. A Meeting in the Silent Court.

*Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.*
—SHAKESPEARE.

THE day of the inquest arrived, which rejoiced the hearts of the morbid-minded. There were many who were eager to know more about this strange and mysterious tragedy, this murder of the City usurer, Percival Ryder.

The Press, too, had promised the world wonderful developments, for this was no sordid crime committed for the sake of money; it was a love tragedy, a picture of the dark side of romance! The consequence was that the comparatively small room in which the coroner took his seat at ten o'clock in the morning was crowded to suffocation. There was also a dense crowd outside the building.

Among the crowd of eager people in the room stood Evelyn and her lover (there was no place for them to sit), their anxious eyes scanning the faces in the crowds. They were looking for John Silver, as they had been since the time he had disappeared from his home early that morning.

They looked for him here, for they knew he was aware that the inquiry as to the death of Percival Ryder was to take place on that day, and they imagined that he might be drawn to the spot by the same subtle and morbid fascination that drew so many others less interested.

But they found him not in the coroner's court as they had been unable to find him elsewhere, and the business that had brought these crowds together proceeded. It did not proceed far. It was a sorry business indeed for those who had come to hear a thrilling story with ghastly particulars. A few formalities were gone through, and the inquest was adjourned by request of the police. The play was over before the curtain had been raised, so to speak, and the audience had to go home again without even the satisfaction of protesting.

Gerald and Evelyn, however, were intensely relieved. It was gaining time, and time meant much—the more so now as the young man expected to get some advice from Mr. Jarvis, the amateur detective, who had called upon him the day previously, and who was coming again that evening. Meanwhile, they must continue their search for the sick man who had so suddenly and strangely taken himself off. Now, to find an individual in this wilderness of London is about as difficult a matter as to find a person in the desert of Sahara, although, no doubt, the former is a more comfortable proceeding.

Somewhat aimlessly the two wandered away from the coroner's court, turning down one street and then up another before deciding what course to pursue, when, to their surprise, annoyance, and no little alarm, they discovered that they were being followed. The man who was evidently dogging their footsteps looked like a policeman out of uniform, which was not surprising, for that is exactly what he was. On first making this discovery, Gerald was for asking this individual what he meant by it; secondly, he was for endeavouring to give him the slip, while he finally determined to take no notice of him, which distinctly was the wisest course to pursue.

"It would do no good even if we did manage to avoid him," said Minton; "in fact, it would do harm, for it would seem as if we had something to hide. Let us act exactly as if we were ignorant of his being behind us; I was going to suggest taking a cab and driving to the court in the City. Possibly in the state of mind your father is in he may wander to the spot where Mr. Ryder met his terrible death. What say you, Evelyn?"

What could she say? It was as good an idea as any other, and they would be on the move, which would be something; so they hailed a cab and drove to the Silent Court, while the policeman out of uniform hailed another cab and followed, as in duty bound.

Arrived at their destination, Gerald and Evelyn walked through the covered passage that led to the court, and their footsteps' echoes aroused John Silver from a reverie. Minton had been correct, the unhappy man had come to the place that was ever in his mind; and there he was, sitting on the doorstep of that little house wedged in the corner of the court.

He rose with surprise as his daughter and her lover approached him, but he seemed rather pleased to see them than otherwise.

"It is strange, your being here," he said, stepping forward. "How on earth did you guess it, for even I had no intention of coming to this place when I went out this morning?"

"Oh, papa, how could you have gone away without saying a word?" exclaimed Evelyn, trying to look annoyed, but only succeeding in looking pleased at finding her father.

"We have been searching for you ever since." "Because, my dearest child, you would not have let me go if I had told you," answered Silver cheerfully. "I started out this morning with great ideas in my head; I was going to attend the inquest, and meant to startle the world, but, when I came to think quietly, I thought better of it, and came here instead. I came here to think—to try and find out a way out of the dreadful disgrace I have brought upon you—and it struck me I might be able to gather inspiration from the spot."

"At the same time, Evelyn, I grieve to have caused you extra anxiety. Let us go home at once," continued Mr. Silver after a pause.

Again the court echoed with their footsteps as they went down the passage, leaving in a few seconds utter silence behind them in that weird and deserted corner of the great City.

Once again in the busy world the three took a cab and drove to Kensington, and once again the conscientious policeman took another cab and followed.

"I think, my dear children," said Mr. Silver, leaning back in his seat and looking supremely contented, "I think the best thing for us, after all, is to go away. Come, let us get away from all this misery! It sounds very nice to talk about facing the music, but it seems to me that there is no music in it. On the other hand, what perfect peace we should have in some little out-of-the-way country town in France—you two married, of course—the world forgetting and by the world forgot."

Evelyn sighed, but said nothing; Gerald also said nothing, but it seemed a pleasant picture, a gloriously happy picture with Evelyn as his wife.

"After a time, when these clouds have blown away," continued Mr. Silver, "we can return and take up our own again. We will go to-night."

"Impossible!" answered Minton. "We couldn't, even if we wished to go, for we are being watched at every turn; even now there is a man driving behind us."

John Silver turned very white when Gerald explained that he and Evelyn had been followed all the morning.

"We must give him the slip," he whispered, as if dreading to be overheard. "We must give him the slip."

"No, indeed," the young man replied firmly, "I shall not turn my back on this business; ugly as it is, we must wait and see it through."

As it turned out, they had no option in the matter. The cab arrived at its destination, Mr. Silver's house in Sitwell Street, and, as it drew up, the policeman jumped from his hansom, which was directly behind, and was immediately joined by another man of the same type—that is to say, a constable in plain clothes. These two, without the slightest hesitation, entered the garden and walked up the steps behind Mr. Silver and his daughter and Gerald.

When the door was opened they stepped into the house. "I wish to have a word with you, sir," said one of the men respectfully, addressing Gerald. "I am a police officer, and hold a warrant for your—"

He was interrupted by the door of the study at the end of the hall being suddenly opened by Mr. Jarvis.

"One moment!" cried that individual. "Don't do anything more until I've had my say. I have my authority. So they all waited to hear what he had to say."

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX. A Mention of Music.

*The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.*

—SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER that terrible experience on the roof, Mr. Jarvis and Caleb Rue drove to the former's residence in the Temple. As they bowed along in the hansom they spoke not a word. In the first place, the detective was too utterly weary; in the second, the thought of poor David's sudden and awful end weighed heavily on him. As to Caleb, he slept, leaning back in the cab, with a placid and contented expression on his pallid face.

The Temple was soon reached, and, stopping in Fleet Street, Mr. Jarvis aroused his sleeping companion, and the two walked to the chambers in King's Bench Walk, the dog limping wearily behind them.

Arrived at his rooms, Mr. Jarvis opened the outer door with his latch-key and ushered his prisoner into the hall.

"Here, young man," said the detective, leading the way to a small room at the back of the house, "you can sleep on that mattress. I shall lock you in and wake you in four hours from now, so make the most of it."

Caleb took his advice without loss of a minute's time; he threw himself on to the mattress which was on the floor, and the key had hardly turned in the lock when he was asleep.

Mr. Jarvis was not long after him. Going straight to his bedroom, he undressed, set his alarm clock to wake him in four hours, and, getting into bed, was soon unconscious. No dreams disturbed the rest of these two; they lay like logs until the alarm sounded all too soon.

Mr. Jarvis stretched himself and rose wearily; he would dearly have liked double the quantity of sleep, but there was no time for that. He had formed certain plans, the very essence of which depended on their being carried through quickly.

He found it by no means easy to wake the sleeping Caleb, but, after sundry violent shakings and the application of some cold water, the desired result was achieved, and the tired youth rose and dressed himself, and followed the detective into the sitting-room overlooking the gardens.

"Now that we are a little rested," said Mr. Jarvis, "you are able to talk and I am able to listen. Just sit down there and tell me frankly what you know. The more I think of it, the more certain I am that it would be the best for everyone if you were to speak freely, best for yourself as well. You say you listened at doors, and know all about it."

"Well, it's like this, sir," replied Caleb, scratching his head. "I think I know as much about the whole business as anybody, but my story is not connected; it breaks off here and there, and there are great big gaps—that, sir, is when I'm taken ill. If I could only fill in those gaps, what a difference it would make!"

"Perhaps I can fill them in," said Mr. Jarvis.

"No, sir; you may surmise, but you cannot know," answered the youth; "and, mind you, what happened in those gaps is here" (Caleb touched his forehead) "but I cannot get it out. Some day it will come back, vivid and

clear, the whole story; it will come when I least expect it—it always does."

"I wonder what can bring it back to you?" said the detective musingly. "Sometimes the scent of a flower will conjure up scenes of the past, and we remember every detail. Perhaps it is a ball-room; we see the faces again, and even remember the very words that were spoken. Or perhaps the smell of a peat fire here in this London will transport us miles away walking across the heather-covered hills, and we see the little cottage with the peat smoke rising from its chimney; everything is so clear that we even remember which way the wind was blowing, and can see the shadows cast by the clouds on the mountain-sides. The brain is a wonderfully sensitive plate, and photographs everything."

Caleb sat with his head on one side, listening with the greatest interest.

"Sounds, too," went on Mr. Jarvis, "bring back to memory the days of the past. The rolling of the sea upon the beach at night-time, the rush of water over a river weir, the song of the nightingale, and the call of the cuckoo all tell us stories. And music—what cannot music do? The march—we see the picture of the khaki-clad soldiers going to the war; the waltz, the dreamy waltz, that particular one, and again we tread with easy swing the shining floor with one the colour of whose hair and eyes, whose very name and being we had forgotten till this moment. A note, a chord, and we will be sitting in a dimly lit aisle, or—"

"That's it, sir!" interrupted Caleb. "That's it, sir! The young gentleman, Mr. Gerald Minton, he played the old spinet when he called on my master that evening!"

"He played the old spinet?" repeated Mr. Jarvis.

"Played it," cried Rue, springing to his feet excitedly and pacing up and down the room, "played it! He made it speak! Music is magic in his hands. I'm no musician; I cannot interpret the meaning of your symphonies; but when he played, I understood every note, and it was awful in its anger."

"And do you think if you heard him play again that you would be able to fill in those gaps?" asked the other.

Caleb stopped in his excited walk, and held his head between his hands.

"I think I could," he replied. "I believe that if he played to me I could be made to do anything, say anything, think anything. You have never heard him play?"

"No," answered Mr. Jarvis, looking at his watch; "but I shall at the earliest opportunity. In fact, we will go and see him now. I had an appointment with him this evening, but we will not put it off till then. If you have a good thing on, never put it off, remember that. But think you, Caleb, if we went to that Silent Court in the City with Mr. Minton and he played on that old spinet, would it not be better than if he played on any piano?"

"I don't know," answered the youth, and he shrugged his shoulders as if he did not care; the excitement passed, a vacant expression came into his pale features, and his eyes became downcast and dreamy.

"Come! We will go and see!" said the detective, and he led the way out of his chambers.

They drove to Sitwell Street, and were disappointed to find no one at home. Mr. Silver had gone out early in the morning—no one knew where, the servant explained—and Mr. Minton and Miss Silver had gone to the inquest.

Now Mr. Jarvis was fully aware that the inquest would be adjourned, otherwise he would have been there himself, and he came to the conclusion that Mr. and Miss Silver and young Minton would be home shortly.

"We will come in and wait," he said, and stepped with Caleb into the hall.

"I can serve a double purpose by coming here now," the detective said to himself, "for I understand a warrant will shortly be taken out for the arrest of the unfortunate Mr. Minton. I shall be able to help him possibly. At any rate, we must get the music from him first."

Mr. Jarvis had not long to wait.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN. The Silent Court.

*Many ghosts and forms of fright
Have started from their graves to-night;
They have driven sleep from mine eyes away.*
—LONGFELLOW.

NOW that its sole occupant was gone, the Silent Court was more silent than ever. It had had only one eye, so to speak; now that eye was shut the court was dead.

The only light that reached it at night-time was the light of the moon. The moonlight streaming in was cut in two by the high wall, so that one half of the court was inky black, while the other, when the moon was at the full, was bathed in silver. The moon was not now at the full, but there was sufficient light to throw a bright beam across one corner from wall to wall.

Suddenly from out of the darkness there emerged quickly the figure of a man; it was seen for a second as it crossed the beam of light, and was gone. Then one became conscious of a footstep on the stone-paved court. It was not a heavy footfall, but a quick, stealthy tread. It was to be heard going round close to the wall.

Suddenly, again, the figure struck across the beam of silver. It was a heavy figure, bent and bowed; it was remarkable how one so heavy could walk so lightly, but there were the footsteps going round as before. Once more it appeared in the light, and again, and again; each time there was a change in the position of the hands; now they were held over the face, now hanging by the sides, to be waved in the air another time.

For hours did this restless figure pace the stone pavement of the Silent Court; even after the moon went down behind the sharp, black outlines of the great buildings the light, stealthy footfalls could be heard going round and round, round and round.

Here was a soul in agony.

At last the regularity of these footsteps ceased. The figure was walking straight across the court. It stopped for some minutes perfectly motionless before the little house in the corner, and then slowly mounted the steps. Having

done this, it stretched out an arm and pushed the door open. It is strange that this door, this door of all others, should have been left ajar; nevertheless, it was so.

The figure stood with its arms folded across its breast and its head bent forward. It appeared to be staring into the passage, but this was hardly sensible, for the passage was as black as pitch. Perhaps it was listening. If so, the only sounds to be heard were those made by the mice playing in the kitchen.

It stepped into the house and closed the door, all so silently, and again stood as still as a statue for some minutes. Then it moved forward, walking with confidence, and turned to the left into the front office. It did not, however, remain here long, but, coming away, it proceeded to the little back room until lately occupied by Caleb Rue. This room was lighter, for a lamp in a street running behind the court cast its pale light through the dirty window.

The figure leant against the desk, and aimlessly fingered the blotting-paper that had once done service for Mr. Ryder's clerk.

After a while this strange and restless being flitted, so to speak, from the back office and up the creaking stairs to the front sitting-room; the dawn was breaking. He partially opened the shutters and a pale, grey light filled the room, sufficient to show the outlines of the furniture, and make them look like the ghosts of themselves.

He opened the old spinet, and shut it again immediately and so carefully. He opened the door leading into the back room. How the miniatures hanging on the door rattled in the stillness of the early morning! He came back to the front room and gazed at an empty birdcage; then he turned and went downstairs. It was growing much lighter every minute.

In the kitchen he stood beside the deal table, tapping it with his fingers. That was the only noise in the house now, for the mice had fled precipitately. He raised his eyes, and noticed a stout rope hanging from an enormous nail driven into the wall about six inches from the ceiling. He understood for what purpose this had been used.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT. The Flight.

*If we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.*

—BYRON.

JABEZ BROWN fled from the river-side with blood upon his hands and blood upon his soul, and the waters of the river, as it flowed by that narrow passage, seemed to him to cry out to call him back to hide his fearful handiwork.

Here beneath the rotten wood and the skeleton of the old boat this dreadful man had from time to time hidden part of his ill-gotten gains. He used the spot as one of his storehouses for stolen property.

Here he had come from Sitwell Street after his interview with Gerald Minton, and here he had been tracked by David and the dog. For it must be remembered that the bloodhound had met Jabez Brown at the sign of the "Golden Pheasant," and had shown some excitement at the meeting. It must also be remembered that David and the dog had waited outside Mr. Silver's house on the occasion of Mr. Jarvis' first visit there, and that when Mr. Jarvis came out his faithful servant and the animal had disappeared. They had left to track down the robber of the stolen Bank of England notes, the dog suddenly taking up the scent. David the Faithful went to his death.

Following the dog, that trotted slowly along through the crowd, stopping now and again when in doubt, but soon picking up the scent again, Mr. Jarvis' assistant before very long found himself on the other side of Waterloo Bridge and turning down that narrow way that led to the river.

At first he did not see Jabez, for the latter was crouching down beside the old pieces of timber, but Jabez saw him and immediately rose to his feet. The guilty man's first feeling was one of mild surprise, of annoyance at being disturbed. Then of a sudden it dawned upon him that he had seen the animal before. Then it all came back to him with a rush, the scene in the bar of the "Golden Pheasant," where the stranger had cashed the five-pound note for him. He remembered all this in a flash, and guessed the rest.

He guessed that he was being hunted down, that he was caught, in fact, like a rat in a trap. Ah, but rats are nasty customers when driven into a corner. Jabez Brown saw before him the ghastly picture of his future if he were apprehended, and made up his mind forthwith to get away or die in the attempt.

He waited for David to approach him, and, as he did so, took the measure of the man. He had to confess that in a fair stand-up fight or struggle he would be no match for the detective, heavy, powerful man as he was himself.

The fact was one was a clean liver, the other a vile one, and, when it comes to a match between two such, condition is bound to tell. All this Jabez fully appreciated, and so resolved to add cunning and deceit to his side. He had a great store of both.

As David walked towards the pile of wood, Jabez hung his head and trembled visibly. He looked shockingly guilty.

"What are you doing here?" asked the detective sternly. "I—I'm looking for something," answered the other in a hoarse voice, and averting his eyes from the other's keen gaze.

"You are burying something, or digging something up," replied David, leaning forward. "I can see the corner of a box sticking up in that loose earth."

"That's not a box," said Jabez decidedly.

"Then there must be something wrong with my eyes," was the detective's reply, as he leant still further over.

This was the other's opportunity, and he took it. Into the blow he gave the unfortunate David just behind his ear he concentrated all his furious and desperate energy. The man fell unconscious, Jabez on the top of him, and the latter's great fingers, with their powerful grip, were round

the other's throat. The two lay hidden behind the big pile of rotten wood.

Five minutes later this fearful murderer left the passage, having first tried to hide the dreadful result of his crime in the bosom of the Thames, but, as we know, the river would have it not. He had tried also to kill the dog, but had only succeeded in maiming it, the animal managing to escape.

He hurried away, carrying his treasure with him, each step he took being quicker than the last. His head was in a mad whirl, and the houses appeared to be running past him. People on the pavement stood aside to let him pass, and stopped and turned and watched him as he fled away. Away, but how could he ever fly away from that which was with him—that which must be always with him to the day of his death, and one cannot say how long after?

He went to his miserable room, and, throwing himself upon his knees before his box, with feverish hands filled his pockets with the notes he had stolen from the unfortunate Mr. Silver—those notes which had brought about such dire misery.

In all his delirium Jabez Brown had an eye to the main chance and to his safety. His pockets full, he was away again; he had no idea where he was going, and was surprised to find himself in a train. He was huddled in a corner seat of a third-class carriage, but whither the train was speeding he had no knowledge.

But surely he must have taken a ticket, or he would not have been permitted to be where he was. Yes, indeed; he held it in his hand—a ticket to Richmond.

"Richmond!" he muttered to himself. "Richmond! I must have taken it unconsciously! Well, it's as good as any other place, Richmond!"

On arriving at his destination, he was out on to the platform before the train stopped, and with the same quick steps was out of the station and walking up the hill.

Passing the "Star and Garter," he entered the lovely park: an ugly, bloated, evil figure out of place in this sweet spot.

He sat down on the first seat that he came to, the occupants of which vacated their places immediately. There was something awful about the man, that cast a shadow of fear around him.

He did not sit for long, and was restless during the short time that he remained, kicking up the dust with his heels in the path before him.

He rose suddenly with an idea; he had read of a sensational case of someone hiding in one of the plantations; this was a good thought. Why not hide his treasure in one of these plantations? Why not, indeed, hide himself there? It was magnificent; all the hounds of Scotland Yard would be baffled. But he must have food and drink in this camp of his; that was necessary.

He returned to the town, deliberately now, for he had a fixed plan in his head. He walked quietly down the hill and made his purchases, first buying a large bag in which to carry them. He walked slowly up the hill again, like a sober citizen. The delirium of the previous hours had passed away. Thus it generally happens, although a reaction sets in.

Through the gates and across the yellow grass he walked; it was warm summer-time, you know. He took his opportunity, and was soon through the wire fence and in the plantation. He arrived at an open spot. Here he opened his bag and ate and drank, and for the time being was quiet. He almost laughed to himself, and presently fell asleep.

But not for long—no, not for long! We are apt to talk about the quiet of the night, but there is no quiet in a wood at night. A hundred living things that sleep by day awake at night. The plantation was alive with mysterious noises. Rabbits and rats, and mice and insects moved around him with a rustling here and a breaking through the ferns.

To a guilty conscience these slight noises in the otherwise stillness of the night were exaggerated one hundredfold. Jabez Brown sat up on the moss-covered carpet, the cold sweat standing out on his forehead.

It was not only the noises he heard, but the sights he saw. Oh, what fantastic shapes and shadows those fire trees threw! Arms, rugged and hard, were thrown out to grasp him as the young trees swayed to and fro in the light, summer breeze. How pleasant it would have been to some this summer air, but how fearful to him! There was an older tree in that plantation—it might have been a dead tree, but hardly likely in this well-ordered spot—that threw a shadow like a gibbet. It might have been to you or to me a thing of beauty in the day-time; it need not have affrighted us at night, but it was too much for Jabez Brown with his wicked heart and his blood overcharged with alcohol.

He was away again; he hastily buried his treasure, and was away once more. Through the wire fence and across

the grass; and then what was he to do? He must be on the move, too; the restless mind cannot sit still, the guilty soul or the over-anxious soul must give itself away in the end. Sit tight, if you want to succeed.

He must to London again; the quiet of the country was too loud for him. It rang too much in his ears; he must have the rest of the busy streets of the City.

The last train to town had gone, but this did not worry him; he would walk. He braced himself together, and tried to set his heavy, round shoulders square, and walked. But why, and for what point should he make?

It is difficult walking without a fixed point to go to, so he went aimlessly on for a time, but suddenly he had his point. Why not the Silent Court—the last place in the world anyone would expect to find him? He stepped out almost briskly now.

It was a weary walk, and he was tired. Tired in body and in mind, although the guilty can never afford to be weary. Like the stoat, they must always be on the alert.

It was with a feeling of thankfulness that Jabez Brown arrived at the Silent Court. Here was his goal, and he had reached it. Now what was he to do? He did not hesitate. He took a latch-key from his pocket and opened the street-door of that little house wedged in the corner.

He shut the door behind him and felt his way, for he dared not light a match. Now he was quite cool again, and felt he could run no risks.

Nevertheless, what he did was a strange and bold thing, so unexpected for one who had been so lately frightened by shadows in a wood. But he was at home in bricks and mortar, things very much at variance with the wild and weird truths of Nature.

He groped his way upstairs on his hands and knees, crept into the sitting-room where stood the old spinet, walked from there to the room at the back, rattling the miniature frames hanging on the door as he went. He undressed with the greatest composure; he even folded his clothes and laid them on a chair, a thing he had not done for years. He got into the late Percival Ryder's bed, and, drawing the clothes up to his chin, fell asleep, and slept as peacefully as a little child.

Such are the marvellous eccentricities of human nature!

[This story will be concluded in a few weeks. A striking short novel will commence in a fortnight.]

"Is the story you have written a historic novel?"
"No," answered the poverty-stricken author. "It's a modern novel now. But I expect it will be historic before I get it published."

BOARDER (warmly): "Oh, I know every one of the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding-houses twenty years for nothing?"

Landlady (irrigidly): "I shouldn't be at all surprised."

SEE: "What is it papa said that hurt you so?"
He: "Nothing."
She: "Why, you told me as soon as you began to speak to him last night he hurt you dreadfully."
He: "Yes, but he didn't say anything."

A PERPLEXING QUESTION.

"I don't suppose my wife would be happy unless she had some sort of a fad to occupy her mind," said the man who was telling the story. "Her latest is mind cure."

"She picked it up at some lecture she attended the other day, and with the zeal of a new convert she started to convert the whole neighbourhood to her way of thinking."

"She literally filled the house with books upon the subject, and having at last flooded the whole neighbourhood she started to convert Mary, our cook."

"Hour after hour she laboured with our commander of the kitchen. She read extracts from books and propounded her theories until the poor girl's head must have ached."

"She even lent the girl her best bonnet on the promise that she would attend a lecture to be held on the subject, a promise by-the-way that the cook failed to keep, as I saw her promenading with her beau when she was supposed to be at the lecture."

"The climax came the other morning at the breakfast table, when some bacon was placed on the table that would have disgraced a third-rate boarding-house."

"My wife's eyes snapped when she saw it, and with a sharp ring of the bell she summoned the cook."

"Mary," she demanded, when the cook stood before her, "what do you mean by placing such an example of Hottentot cooking before us?"

"Why, mum," exclaimed Mary, in surprise, "what is the matter?"

"Matter!" snapped my wife, "don't you see that that bacon is burnt to a cinder?"

"Well, mum," answered Mary, apologetically, "I did think when I took it from the fire that it looked a little burnt, but then I thought of what you said that everything was imagination, and all that you had to do was to think it was all right and that would make it all right; so I just said to myself that it was all imagination about the bacon being burnt, and let it go. All you've got to do mum, when you eat it is to think it is all right, and it will melt in your mouth. Why, mum, the new faith is a blessing to a hard-working girl."

"My wife fell back with a gasp, and Mary escaped to the kitchen."

"I haven't quite made up my mind whether Mary is a wag, or whether she is only a faithful convert to the mind-cure craze."

THE
Daily Express
London's Best ¹/₂ Morning Paper.
Always Interesting.
"Bright."
"Readable."
"Brimful of News."
"Worth Reading."
The DAILY EXPRESS is on sale at all Railway Bookstalls and Newsagents throughout the country.
Ask your Newsagent to reserve you a copy daily.

"My Favourite Song and Why," by twelve popular singers—see the November LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE OF FICTION.

KIDNEY DISEASE MAKES YOU MISERABLE.

If you are ill, your first step towards a cure must be to find out what makes you ill, for unless the cause is cured, you can never keep well.

When you think of the great work the kidneys have to do—how for 24 hours every day they are filtering the impurities and waste from the blood—can you wonder that they so readily break down, and retain the liquid poisons that cause backache, rheumatism, gravel, urinary disorders, heart trouble, nervousness, sleeplessness, &c.? Before you can be permanently cured, these poisons must be driven out, and the kidneys must be made well again, so that they can keep up with their work.

This is the one thing Doan's backache kidney pills are for—all the healing powers of this medicine go to the kidneys.

If you have any form of kidney trouble—backache, rheumatism, gravel, side pains, dizzy spells, urinary disorders—if you are easily upset and worried—if you never feel rested, don't enjoy your food, and can't sleep—if your skin is yellow and your eyes puffy—don't hesitate any longer, but begin at once with the genuine Doan's backache kidney pills, for every day that kidney complaint is neglected it becomes more dangerous.

All chemists and storekeepers will gladly serve you with Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, because they know the medicine to be reliable. But, to guard against mistakes, be sure to ask distinctly for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, and see for yourself that the name "Doan's" appears on the box you buy. The medicine may also be obtained direct from the proprietors—the Foster-McClellan Co., 8 Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W., post free on receipt of price—2/9 a box, or 12/6 for six boxes.



"Every Picture Tells a Story."

SCIATICA AND KIDNEY DISEASE—PATIENT WAS AS HELPLESS AS A CHILD, AND HER LIFE WAS DESPAIRED OF—LASTING CURE BY DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS.

Mrs. H. Boxer lives at 38 Westlake Road, Rotherhithe, London, S.E. She says: "Although it was some months ago that Doan's backache kidney pills cured my kidney complaint, I am still enjoying splendid health to-day, and can get about the house quite nicely, as well as help with the housework. I still use Doan's pills occasionally, for I find they are such a great help to me."

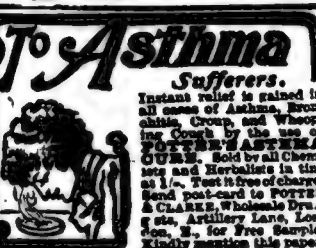
"Yes," Mr. Boxer joined in, "and I wouldn't like to be without a box of the pills in the house, for they have saved my wife's life. Before she used them no one thought she would live. For nine months she was so ill with sciatica and kidney disease that she could not leave her bed. She entirely lost the use of her limbs, and couldn't stand; I had to carry her about the house like a baby. A specialist in kidney troubles, who was treating my wife, said to me, 'I don't like to tell you, but there is no hope of your wife pulling through; her disease is one that nothing can cure.' A local doctor, too, said: 'It is useless my coming to see Mrs. Boxer any more; I can only give her the same medicines over and over again, and can never do her any good; she is past a cure.'"

"But Doan's backache kidney pills have indeed cured my wife, to stay cured, and we shall always be grateful for the happiness your medicine has brought to our home."



Are You Impatient and Irritable?
Are You Weak and Nervous?
Kidney Disease affects the whole System.

Bacon and hot toasted
Force
for breakfast. Think you'll like
the "Force" combination.



BUN FLOUR
Bun and Cake
making made
so easy that
even a child can
make delicious light
luns and cakes with certain
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How much are your wash
clothes worth? how long do
they last? and how much of
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day?
Fels-Naptha saves half of
that loss.
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MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

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Great Clearance Sale. Genuine Bargains.
Christmas Presents Given Away.
First Gift.—A 12.5. Fountain Pen, silver in gold nib, silver, and instructions in box complete, sent to every purchaser.
Complete Sale List sent free on application.

125 Lady's solid Gold (stamped) Keyless Watch. Jewelled 10 rubies, richly carved, splendid timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's trial.

50.00. Brooches, very handsome 18-carat (stamped) rolled gold, 3 swallows in flight, set lovely turquoise and pearls, in case. Approval before payment.

50.00. Evening Gloves (set of 2), improved pattern, double stitched and ventilated, best real hair lining, covered fine chambray leather, Cape leather palms, perfect design. Approval before payment.

125. Sheffield Cutlery, 5 guinea service. 12 Table, 12 Cheese Knives, Carvers and Steel; Crayford Ivory handles; unadorned, 12/4; also extra Superior Quality Set of 21 pieces, 12/6. Approval before payment.

50.00. Gent's magnificent 18-carat gold-cased Chronograph Stop Watch, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's trial. Complete Set (pocket to pocket) Double Albert, same quality (stamped and guaranteed), with handsome seal attached; three together, 50s. Approval before payment.

50.00. Gent's Chain Bracelet, with padlock and safety chain; 18-carat rolled gold (stamped and guaranteed) in velvet case. Approval before payment.

10.00. Organ Tone Melodion, magnificent 24" instrument, 15-fold bellows (metal band), 3 sets extra, bronze reeds, and 4 action stops, rich powerful tone, perfect order. Approval before payment.

J. M. Davis, Pawnbroker and Jeweller, 224 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.4.

Rabbits.—The best book on the subject is "Rabbit Keeping for Pleasure and Profit," by George Gardner, from 12s. 6d. from The Publisher (K. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Old Artificial Teeth Bought; call or forward by post; full value per return, or off-made—Heaven, A. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 125 Oxford Street, London, W.

The Latest Fashionable Society Graces is to wear a miniature of some dear relative or friend. Pearson's Beautiful Coloured Miniatures are the best, and can be had for 1/4. See large advertisement in this number.

REMEDIATION and all other Uric Acid ailments absolutely cured by a course of Tiny Purple Pills, the latest triumph of medical science. Free Trial Box sent on application to F. Dept., Rheumatoid Co., 61 High Road, Lee, London, E.C.

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Tramways (Kilts) sent free on trial. Pay when cured.—Hornall's, 3 Frederick Crescent, Brighton.

KONVO CURES REMEDIATION whilst you sleep. Konvo cures Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, and all other Uric Acid ailments. The great 20th century cure, every user cured. 15 doses 1/-, or free sample, penny stamp. Wonderful testimonials. Write to-day.—Konvo Mfg. Co., 60 Hunslett New Road, Leeds.

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Free—Lent's T.V. worth 1/-, to introduce Australian grown Tobacco. 20s. an 11. Gift, P.O. 11.—Colonial Tobacco Company, 220 City Road, London.

Lovely Coloured Miniature and three Ph. to Xmas Cards. Send photo at P.O. 11, colour of hair, etc.—Studio, 14 Eastborough, Scarborough.

Myopia.—Dr. Heenan (cured himself) will send FREE particulars of his new self-curing treatment; highly successful.—Box 3, 3 East St., Carlisle.

Records.—Any Gramophone, Columbia, Nipper, Britannia, Pathé, Edison or Edison Record sent carriage paid within two hours of order received. Our premises being within easy reach of all the whole of London, we are able to obtain at very short notice any record not in our stock. Disc records exchanged. We do not substitute unless asked. Send trial order so that we can prove what we say. Special attention given to Colonial orders. Catalogues free.—G. Turner & Co., 74 Coleman Street, London, E.C.

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Tooths by Installments.—48 Edgware Rd., W.

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To Ladies of every land and Gentry's Pills have proved themselves to be a boon. Sample sent free in box. 7/6. 23 & 44 from London agents, P. W. Baldwin & Co., Chemists, 2 Electric Parade, Holloway, London.

HEALTH, VIGOUR, AND EASE. All ladies and gentlemen who suffer should send for the treatise on "Rheumatism and Electricity" in 2s. 6d. to be sent to the Publisher (K. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

The Famed Magnetic Curative Belts, 2s. Copies free on application.

Breechloaders.—Grand bargains in 12-bore; the finest selection in London; catalogue free; mention paper. Cartridges 1/3 per 100.—James & Reynolds, 4 George Street, Minorities, London, E.C.

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Black Oriental Fur Hat.—Elegant flat stole necklet and handkerchief to match; lovely rich quality; never worn; worth 24s. sacrifice 12s. 6d.—10a, 10a, 50 Fleet Street, E.C.

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Free to Rent-Payers.—The current No. 10 of an illustrated magazine will be sent post free on application to those who would like to know how to use their rent to buy their homes. Write, mentioning this paper, to THE EDITOR, Home, 3 Brushfield Street, London, E.C.

Beautiful Gardens with Rose Trees from Abbott, 23 High St., South Ruislip. List free.

Down Quilts, 50 Travellers' samples, unlined, sent by parcel at a great sacrifice; full size, 6/6; 4 1/2, 4/6; 3 1/2, 3/6; 2 1/2, 2/6; 1 1/2, 1/6; 1, 1/6; 1/2, 1/6; 1/4, 1/6. Money returned if not approved.—Cray Stewart and Co. (Dept. F.W.), 25 Milton Street, London, E.C.

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Complexion Beautified: Wrinkles banished. Beauty doctor's secret recipe, 2/-—Bachelie, 44 Morda, 21 Street, Rockwell.

FRANCIS LACE CURTAINS.—Lace, Linen, Muslin, Don, 2s. 6d. per yard. Quilts, Tapestries. Immense stock. Factory prices. Large book of illustrations, post free. Send now.—A. French & Sons, Manufacturers, Box 101, Nottingham.

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2s. 6d.—Fits, Overcoats, Ladies' Jackets, etc., balance weekly payments; patterns, measure chart free.—M. C. Dye, 105 Newgate Street, E.C.1; also at East Ham, Waltham and Hammersmith.

The Sovereign Quarterly Policy is the latest, simplest, cheapest, and best form of insurance for persons of limited means ever devised. No medical examination. Write: Century Insurance Co. Ltd., 24 York Place, Edinburgh.

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Photo Buttons, 1/- each; Xmas photo cards, 1/- each; 2/- each; 3/- enlargement; 4/- old photo-copied, particulars free.—Bellsmith, Photographer, Lurgan.

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Business and Welfare in Head Cured Free.—Clifton, 23 Waterloo Road, London.

Delicious Highland Whisky direct from the proprietor. 3 bottles, 10 years old, 10/-; post free, plain wrapper.—John MacArthur, Torbert, Argyllshire.

G. B. DAVIS, PAWNBROKER, 25 DENMARK HILL, LONDON.

Great Clearance Sale—Full List Post Free on Application.

9/6 Gent's 18-carat gold-cased Chronograph Stop Watch, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; also 18-carat gold (stamped) filled double Carb. Albert, Seal attached, guaranteed 15 years' wear. Sacrifice 23s. 6d. Three together, 50s. 6d. Approval before payment.

10/8 Handsome 25 in. Service Sheffield Cutlery, 12 Table, 12 Cheese Knives, Carvers and Steel; Crayford Ivory handles; unadorned, 12/4; also extra Superior Quality Set of 21 pieces, 12/6. Approval before payment.

8/6 Gent's Chain Bracelet in Morocco case, 18-carat gold (stamped) filled; in velvet case, sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval before payment.

7/6 18-carat gold (stamped) filled; excellently beautiful pattern, extra long; in velvet case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval before payment.

11/6 Lovely Seal Russian Sable for colour rich and lustrous 10 1/2 stole Fur Necklet, with large Hott to match; perfectly new; worth 24s. sacrifice 12s. 6d. Approval before payment.

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10/8 Doublet Half-hoop Ring; heavy, brilliant stones. See list 10s. 6d. Approval will imply.

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[WOOLF BROS.]
21/-
Rainproof Overcoats
THE SECRET

OF THEIR

Martellous

Value.

All materials are purchased at FIRST COST. The entire process of Cutting, Trimming, and Making is carried out by WOOLF BROS. OWN WORKSHOPS. There is no ONE PROFIT from Manufacturer to Wearer. They are sold for cash only. No credit is given. If they were not of such

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50,000 Overcoats would not be given away in order and guaranteed testimonials of style, fit, value, and wear, which is a clear confirmation of Woolf Bros.' claim that these coats are of

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You require an Overcoat this season. Let us send you our large Pattern Booklet of Rainproof, Waterproof, and Melton, Fashionable, Catalogue, Self-measurement Form, and Tape Measure, ALL FREE. Then send your material, take your measure, send us your order, and we will forward you a Carriage Paid, well-made, stylish, smart-fitting Overcoat of

Martellous

Value.

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T-O-DAY.

41. BARBICAN, E.C.4.



HEALTH

APPETITE

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STRENGTH

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VITALITY

KUTNOW'S POWDER FORTIFIES AGAINST DISEASE.

HEALTH DEMANDS YOUR ACCEPTANCE OF A PACKAGE OF KUTNOW'S POWDER FREE OF CHARGE.

Disease-breeding Uric Acid.

Uric acid is the predisposing cause of Gout, Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, and mental despondency.

Uric acid is one of the chief causes of constipation (that arch-thief of health).

In short, excessive uric acid is a well-known Blood Poisoner which infects brain, nerves, and tissue.

The grandest remedy in the world for kidney trouble and all uric acid diseases is undoubtedly Kutnow's Powder.

The leading physicians of London, Paris, Berlin, and New York have tested the power of Kutnow's Powder as a natural solvent and eliminant of uric acid.

The result has been a veritable triumph for Kutnow's Powder. They not only prescribe it in their private and hospital practice, but use it personally as a guard against serious disease.

Kutnow's Powder is a most delightful, refreshing health-draught, nerve-bracing and exhilarating. It is absolutely free from sugar, pleasant to the taste, and always gives entire satisfaction. Those who value health take Kutnow's Powder.

THE LOSS OF NERVE-POWER AND THE REMEDY.

The nerves are connected with all the organs and tissues of the body. When, therefore, the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, and gall-bladder are disordered or diseased, the nerves, consequently, are bound to suffer, and the brilliant, energetic, shrewd and busy man gradually wanes in mental and physical capacity. The question is how to regain this nerve-power. The answer is by using the one remedy which is now endorsed and prescribed by all the leading physicians in both hemispheres, and also most highly praised in the British Medical Press; and this remedy is Kutnow's Powder, a supply of which we send, once only, absolutely free of cost, and post paid, to every applicant who applies for the same in order that its merits may be thoroughly tested.

TRIAL COSTS NOTHING!

IMPORTANT WARNING.

See that the fac-simile signature, "S. Kutnow & Co. Ltd.," and the registered trade mark, "Hirschensprung, or Deer Leap," are on the carton, and the label on the bottle. This signature and trade mark will alone ensure your obtaining the genuine

KUTNOW'S POWDER.

Proprietors: S. KUTNOW & CO. LTD., 41 FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.
Proprietors in U.S.A.: KUTNOW BROS. LTD., 863 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TO OBTAIN KUTNOW'S POWDER FREE SIGN THIS FORM.

Name

Address

Pearson's Weekly, 2/11/04.

Fill in and send this form to—

S. KUTNOW & CO. LTD.,
41 FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Frequent Reports of Success.

A Leading Practitioner

writes:—

"Columbia Hospital, Chicago,
June 10th, 1904.

"Kutnow's Powder is a gentle laxative and gastric sedative, which overcomes the most distressing symptoms so often remembered by patients with so much dread.

"A. A. O'NEILL, M.D."

Kidney Trouble Relieved.

"5 Saraden Buildings, Wigmore
Street, W., June 17th, 1904.

"For some months past I have suffered very considerably with my kidneys, but I am thankful to say Kutnow's Powder has always relieved me, and by its regular use keeps me in perfect health.

"E. G. STEPHENS."

Rev. Charles Rhodes

writes:—

"Old Fletton, Peterborough.

"I have been taking Kutnow's Powder for about a month for sluggish liver, and it has done me more good than anything else I have tried. It is the least expensive in the end."

PERMANENTLY ERADICATES CONSTIPATION.

Gold Medal awarded, Woman's Exhibition, London, 1900.

75 Years' Established Reputation.

Neave's Food

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—LANCET.

"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in Phosphates and Potash is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."—Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.
Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

For INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS,
and the AGED.

Warrant Holders to H.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS

A New Fabric. Once used, always used.

MUCH CHEAPER THAN SILK OR LINEN.

BETTER THAN EITHER.

For Ladies or Gentlemen.

Supplied to the Public by the Retail
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ASK FOR EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED London Exhibition, 1902.

HE IS NERVOUS NO MORE

Mr. M. B. HENDERSON IS CURED OF NERVOUSNESS, LOSS OF APPETITE, AND SLEEPLESSNESS BY IRON-OX TONIC TABLETS.



Mr. M. B. HENDERSON.

Mr. M. B. Henderson, of Gosforth, has been completely cured of nervousness, loss of appetite, and sleeplessness, after several sick years, by Iron-Ox Tonic Tablets.

102 High Street, Gosforth,
Northumberland
April 28, 1904.

"Although not through the second box of Iron-Ox Tablets I feel a new man. I now eat four good meals a day; that is what I have not been able to do for the last three years. Instead of using the trams as used to do, I now prefer to walk, because I feel so strong and well. I suffered from my nerves, from loss of appetite, and from sleeplessness. Thanks to your Tablets I am now a well man. I shall never be without Iron-Ox Tablets in my pocket.—Yours respectfully
(Signed),
M. B. HENDERSON."

Do it now—to-day—begin taking Iron-Ox Tonic Tablets and drive away for ever your nervousness, sleeplessness, and loss of appetite. What Iron-Ox Tonic Tablets have done for Mr. Henderson and for hundreds of others they will do for you.

50 Tiny Tablets in dainty aluminium waistcoat-pocket packet
1/- at all Chemists, or from IRON-OX REMEDY CO. Ltd.,
Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

HOME NOTES PAGE.

SOME DAINY DISHES.

Orange Sauce to serve with batter pudding: Rub four ounces of loaf sugar on the rinds of two oranges, add the strained juice and half a pint of water. Boil all very fast for a few minutes and strain into a sauce-boat.

A Rump Steak should be cut one inch and a half thick, trimmed into shape, and then be beaten with a rolling pin to make it tender. Broil it if possible, and when not, cook in a hot, dry frying pan, turning it constantly and slipping a knife under. (Reply to MACDUFF, Ayr.)

Coffee Jelly is very fashionable and easily made as follows: Soak half an ounce of gelatine in a gill of cold water, add to it three gills of strong hot coffee and two ounces of sugar. Stir till all is dissolved, then strain into a border mould. Serve when cold with a little whipped cream.

Beetroot Salad made as follows is always popular. Take two medium-sized beets, boil in salted water and peel. Cut into half-inch cubes. Mix with equal quantities of celery and some shredded red cabbage. Pour over mayonnaise or French salad dressing. Scatter chopped parsley over and serve.

For a Plain Seed Cake rub four ounces of clarified dripping into three-quarters of a pound of flour, add half an ounce of caraway seeds, four ounces of sugar, and one egg beaten in quarter of a pint of milk. Beat all together very thoroughly, place in a greased tin, and bake for an hour in a steady oven.

Cheese and Rice. Take some boiled rice and with it make a layer in a pie-dish. Into a sauce-pan put one gill of milk, half an ounce of butter, dredge in a little flour. Season with salt and cayenne. Stir till all boils up. Pour this over the rice, scatter grated cheese on the top and brown in the oven for twenty minutes. Serve very hot.

Sultana Dumplings. Rub six ounces of finely chopped suet into three-quarters of a pound of flour and four ounces of bread-crumbs; add some salt and half a pound of sultanas. Bind with an egg beaten up in milk till the whole is a slack paste. Divide into dumplings, tie in cloths, drop into boiling water, and cook at a steady gallop for half an hour.

Plain Sweet Omelet. Beat three eggs thoroughly, add to them one ounce of butter cut into small pieces, and one ounce of sifted sugar. Stir all together. Put one ounce of butter into a clean omelet pan; when it fritters pour in the mixture and stir until it begins to set. Then turn the edges over till the omelet is an oval shape, brown with a hot shovel, and sift sugar over. (Reply to KIRKE.)

Lemon Cheesecake filling should be made as follows, and if put into pots and tied down it will keep for months: Take one pound of sugar and a quarter of a pound of butter, and put into a pan to melt. Squeeze the juice of two lemons, and strain into the pan; add the grated rinds, then the yolks of five fresh eggs. Stir all the time till the mixture cooks and thickens. (Reply to BRACEWELL.)

Rowan Jelly. Pluck the berries off the stems and wash thoroughly. Put into a preserving pan with sufficient water to cover, and simmer for forty minutes; then strain, but do not squeeze. Allow one pound of sugar to one pint of juice, adding the sugar when it is hot, and boil till it jellies. Place in warmed jelly glasses and when cold cover with a round of tissue paper dipped into brandy. Then cover the pots as usual and store in an airy place. (Reply to Cissy.)

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

When Ironing stand your iron on a clean white brick and see how much longer it will remain hot than when put on an ordinary stand.

To Remove Whitewash Spots on furniture, slightly moisten a flannel with paraffin, and apply to the spots. This will erase the whitewash, and does not injure the most delicate paint.

Silver is often polished too much. Try washing it in warm water and suds, using a little soda, and rub with a soft cloth till dry. Too much plate powder is used by inexperienced people, and the result on the silver is bad.

Water Pot Plants by immersing the pots, right over the top, in tepid water a quarter of an hour once a week or oftener if the room is kept very hot. Water standing always in the saucers does more harm than good.

Dirty Brass may be made to look like new by pouring strong ammonia on it, rubbing with a soft brush, and rinsing it in clear water.

To Clean Fur Skins and Rugs. Take equal parts of flour and powdered salt, which should be well heated in an oven, and thoroughly rub the fur. It should afterwards be well shaken to get rid of flour and salt. (Reply to MADGE.)

To Destroy Blackbeetles in the Kitchen I know of nothing so good as borax. Scatter this freely at night in corners by the stove, and keep it on the shelves of cupboards. In the morning you will sweep up many of your black enemies. (Reply to TOTNES.)

Take Grease out of Leather by applying white of egg to the spot and dry it in the sun. Repeat the application until the stain is removed. Black marks on tan leather can be removed by applying methylated spirit on a flannel. (Reply to WILLIAMSON.)

Ink Can be Removed From Paper if the stain is not too old, as follows: Take a teaspoonful of chlorinated lime and add just enough water to cover it; take a soft cloth, moisten it with the mixture and pat (do not rub) the stain gently and it will slowly disappear. (Reply to BAXTER.)

To Avert Chapped Hands take common starch, and grind it with a knife until it is reduced to the smoothest powder. Put it into a tin box, so as to have it always at hand for use. After washing and drying the hands, rub a pinch of starch over them, covering the whole surface.

To Soften a Mackintosh Coat, which you describe as perfectly hard, proceed as follows. Dissolve a handful of best grey lime in half a pail of water, and with this solution wipe the coats at the hardened parts. The process should be repeated after an interval of four hours. (Reply to A. V. E.)

Imitation Frosted Glass can be produced inexpensively as follows: Moisten Epsom salts with weak gum and apply to the glass with a rag. When you require the same appearance, and the atmosphere is damp and steamy, moisten putty thoroughly with linseed oil and paint the panes of glass over with it. (Reply to BULWELL.)

On Lamps. Before the winter sets in empty all the lamps, and cut off all charred parts of the wicks. Wash both burners and wicks in hot soda water and soap. Wash out the reservoirs also and rinse in hot soda water. Drain and dry thoroughly over the stove for several hours before filling. Put the burners together and polish them before putting the wick in place.

Respecting Garden Walls, a correspondent writes: Painting walls black has been tried in several districts by fruit-growers. The result has been better leaves, heavier fruit crop, and the destruction of the larvae of insects on the wall. A cheap way of blackening a wall is first to paint it with boiling coal tar, and when that is quite dry to paint over again with black oil paint. This should produce a jet black. (Thanks to R.)

WHEN THE GERMAN PRINCE GETS MARRIED.

THE wedding of the Crown Prince of Germany will not take place until next Spring, but the builder and decorator are already hard at work preparing the first home for the young couple.

This is to be in the town Palace at Potsdam, and consists of the suite of rooms inhabited after his marriage by the present Emperor.

The rooms are on the first floor, with nine front windows, and include the so-called bronze room, the new and the Russian drawing-rooms, the blue and the yellow room, the Etrurian corner-room, and four apartments which go by the name of the Emperor's rooms.

WHAT BOYS AND GIRLS READ.

I do not often peep into a modern child's book, but almost as often as I do am I surprised at its contents. Do our children of to-day really like the literary fare set before them?

Boys are more suitably catered for than girls. There are plenty of good stirring adventure books still. But for the girls! Wishy-washy, namby-pamby sticky rubbish.

So I consider the most part of it; but then I, says a writer in THE ACADEMY, am a mere man, and what can I know of a girl's mind?

I do say this, that, if girls delight in this sort of stuff, it is wonderful that any of them grow up into sensible women. But, after all, kittens grow up into sedate cats!

PUT YOUR BOY IN KILTS.

DR. J. CANTLIE, in his lecture at the London Polytechnic, strongly recommended the kilt as calculated to promote the health and strength of lads. Mothers (he said) often desired their boys to look little men, and so put them into tight-fitting costumes which cramped their movements and almost retarded their development.

The kilted skirt, on the contrary, gave a warmth to the loins which was most conducive to strength in future years.

Lord Roberts had paid a striking tribute to the physical endurance of his kilted soldiers, and there could be no doubt that the kilt, an excellent thing for men, was, from the health point of view, a most admirable dress for boys.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Proverbs Taken from a Lady's Album.

It is better to make friends fast than to make fast friends.

A LITTLE widow is a dangerous thing.

THERE'S many a sip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

MANY hands want light work.

ALL that a man knoweth will he tell to his wife.

HE that is surety for a stranger shall be wiser the next time.

HE laughs best whose laugh lasts.

A BIRD on a bonnet is worth ten on a plate.

LET him now speak or hereafter hold his piece of information for a good price.

EAT your steak or you'll have stew.

A LIE in time saves nine.

SOME are born widows, some achieve widowhood, whilst others have widows thrust upon them.

GOD gives us our relatives. Thank God we can choose our friends.

COLOURS WOMEN LIKE.

A WOMAN who believes strongly in the unconscious influence of colour declares she would never have a room decorated in red, which is only good, she claims, to counteract the bad effects of blue, but even in that case pink is preferable.

Stating her objection, but without explaining why, to the artist with whom she was advising about the decorations of her home, he at once replied that her dislike was but natural, as she was of a brunette type, and, of course, greens and yellows were a much more fitting background for her beauty. He further added that it was the cold beauty of the blonde which was enhanced by the warmth of red surroundings.

Without ever having made a study of this branch of art, some women instinctively choose only the colouring suited to their style, carrying it even so far as to show a decided preference for china of the tones to blend with their complexions; few brunettes, for instance, will admire the brilliant shades of turquoise blue with which much china is decorated, but whole dinner sets of it are bought by blondes.

MRS. CRAIGIE, better known as "John Oliver Hobbes," is said to be the best talker amongst women in London.

THE TSAR is much more robust than most people believe. He pulls a good oar, swims well, is an expert horseman, and can play a fair game of lawn tennis. As a walker, also, he possesses surprising powers of endurance.

HOW TO MAKE AN AUTUMN COAT.

IN reply to many correspondents who have been inquiring for a pattern of an Autumn coat, I do not think they can do better than make one as shown by the little picture in the margin. It must be understood, however, that although this model has not a particularly warm appearance, it is a shape that is suitable for any heavy material, such as one of the new brown plushes, or corduroy velveteen. This pattern is given away with every copy of that invaluable ladies' paper, HOME NOTES, dated November 3, and published on Friday October 28. Much that is of great interest and helpful, such as "Science and Health," dealing with Massage as an aid to obtaining a good complexion; an interesting article on Palmistry, dealing with the Head Line; Open Letter on the subject "Are White Lies Necessary?" Household Hints and useful hints on Dress-making, Cookery, etc., is also to be found in HOME NOTES, price one penny.



Isobel

HOLIDAYS FOR 1904-5.	1904. OCT.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.	HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR LOOKS.
Christmas Day - December 25.	M 9 10 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 4 11 18 25	Send for a copy of
Boxing Day - December 26.	T 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	The Art of Beauty.
Good Friday - April 21.	W 4 11 18 25	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 6 13 20 27	BY A TOILET SPECIALIST.
Easter Monday - April 24.	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28	Crowns, Eves, cloth. Price 1s.
Whitsun Monday - June 12.	F 6 13 20 27	F 3 10 17 24	F 8 15 22 29	At all Booksellers or post free for 1s. 2d. from the Book Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
Bank Holiday - August 7.	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 9 16 23 30	



THE following paragraph appeared in a recent number of the SOUTH WALES

ECHO in reference to the terrible railway accident to the South Wales train:

"A few minutes before the smash a young lady took out of her pocket in the train a *Pearson's Weekly*, and observed that she would fill in the insurance policy in accordance with her father's wish before she left home. She turned up the page containing the policy, and was in the act of putting in her signature when the accident happened, and was just a few minutes too late to comply with the conditions which would enable her to have benefited handsomely, as she was amongst the injured."

THE above paragraph emphasises the uncertainty of life. Although the young lady who was about to sign the coupon had made up her mind to do so, yet she had delayed until the last possible moment. Happily she was not killed; but it only shows how dangerous are delays. Every reader of this paper should be insured for a sum in accordance with his means. As, however, it is very frequently impossible for a man to pay out of his salary any sum whatever as an insurance premium, we are giving him the opportunity of obtaining absolutely free of cost an insurance policy valued at either £250 or £100. Don't delay. It is certain that any one of these policies would confer a tremendous benefit upon those who are near and dear to you. Therefore, it is a duty, if not a pleasure, for you to, at all events, endeavour to secure one of these policies. Don't, however, put off entering for the contest, but enter now. The risk of delay is shown by the newspaper extract which I publish above.

THE other week a little picture appeared of the American system of warning brakemen on goods trains of the proximity to a bridge by means of ropes suspended from an arm over the rails. A large number of railway readers have written to point out that there is something wrong about the sketch, because it shows the ropes placed on what appears to be the down line, after the bridge is passed. I would point out to such readers that on American railways the rule of the road is the reverse of that which obtains in this country. The trains pass each other on the right and not on the left. Therefore the sketch is perfectly correct.

"WHICH," asks HAWKINS, "is the correct way to eat macaroni?" There is no correct way. Society simply judges you by results. It expects a diner to get his macaroni eaten, and not to leave coils of it loose on the tablecloth, or straying aimlessly down the shirt-front, followed by a red trail of tomato sauce. Every macaroni eater has his own pet method, and there are as many "systems" in use as at Monte Carlo, all equally infallible. To be a graceful macaronist, you must be a bit of a juggler, a snake charmer, a knitter, and a Jack Tar. You must eat it, of course, with a fork, but you must know exactly where to hit a coil of macaroni with that implement, so that you may hoist it aloft without having long ends drooping down—ends which would not justify the means. To get the macaroni safely to the palate without dropping the whole concern wants a sense of equilibrium. To swallow it, and yet appear to the outside world as though you were just eating an ordinary dish, requires facial restraint. If you find it impossible to carry this out with a fork, do as the Italian workmen do, and use your fingers. Push the forefinger well into a loop in the sinuous coil, then twist so many yards round it, and eat it that way. If you think this undignified, then just use a knife, and chop the macaroni up into small pieces. But people who have a snickering sense of refinement shouldn't eat macaroni outside their own homes, or should use such small Italian *cafés* as dispense with manners.

RESULT OF THE "LETTER" COMPETITION.

A GOLD-PLATED pencil-case has been sent to:
Sergt. R. A. McCombe, R.I.C., Moneymore, Co. Derry; C. Jones, 8 Devonshire Avenue, Southsea; C. Barham, 29 Norfolk Road, Ipswich; H. Francis, Swanthorpe Farm, Crondall, Hants.; Mrs. Palmer, Bank House, Ropergate, Pontefract; J. Condie, Belmont Cottage, High Blantyre, Lanarkshire; F. Evans, 40 Curro Street, Aberaman, Aberdare; T. S. White, Lisnaw, Crossgar, Co. Down; R. Iddon, 13 Arthur Street, Liverpool; E. Nixon, Llangwm School, near Uuk, Newport, Mon.; W. H. Tyrrell, 17 Chatsworth Road, West Norwood; J. Lees, Beaumont House, 81 Ashwell Road, Bradford; G. H. Farmer, 5 Mount Temple Road, Arbour Hill, Dublin; W. Atherton, 25 Braunton Road, Barnstaple; R. Tinkler, Castle Bytham, Grantham; W. Armstrong, Newtown, St. Boswells, N.B.; Master W. Gemmell, Fortescue House, Ilfracombe; J. Maryan, Balcarras House, London Road, Halesham; A. H. Jarvis, 48 Culmore Road, Peckham, S.E.; J. Mellor, 8 Black Friars, Chester; P. Hughson, 27 Market Street, Lerwick; R. Matthews, 18 Rugby Street, Wolverhampton; F. J. Hannay, New George Inn, Broad Street, Trowbridge; J. Emerson, 113 Lynn Street, West Hartlepool; L. M. Jenkins, 71 Tramway, Hirwaun, Glam.

"PERHAPS it may interest you to know," writes A. G., "that Blackburn with a population of 130,000 returns at each General Election two Conservative members, but does not possess one Conservative paper. The Liberals, however, have two weekly papers and one daily. Are there any other towns similarly situated?" A great many, I think, the reason being that the papers were started many years before politics assumed their present turn, and won their popularity on grounds entirely removed from party.

"At what prices is building land sold in the City of London?" asks S. J. W. It depends, of course, on the position and frontage. How large are the prices paid may be judged from recent figures. A site in Cornhill was recently sold at the rate of £54 5s. 1d. per square foot, the freehold for the 752 square feet fetching £40,800. In Fleet Street two years ago, a corner building site was sold for £18 9s. 1d. the square foot. These, of course, are the principal thoroughfares. An area in Basinghall Street recently was sold at the rate of £5 3s. 8d. per square foot.

"WHEN I use a bad word," writes B. P., "my wife protests, and says, 'Why don't you say "Oh, dear," or "Dear me"?' Now, I should like to know the origin of these very silly expressions." As a matter of fact, "Oh, dear," and "Dear me" are just as profane as any other expressions in daily use. "Dear," as an exclamation, is most obviously derived from the Latin, "Deus," or the French "Dieu," signifying the Deity. A British schoolgirl says "Dear me," and thinks herself the soul of propriety, yet almost the same expression—"Dio mio"—is the Italian for "My God." When, therefore, your wife urges you to employ the expression "Dear," or "Dear me," she is certainly not teaching you reverence.

RAILWAY CLERK thinks that most people are under the impression that all the goods of various descriptions disposed of by auction at railway sales, have been forgotten by passengers, and, therefore, are sold at great profit to the railway companies. Such, however, he tells me, is not the case. The bulk of the goods have, in reality, been either refused by the owners, probably because of damage or delay, or are goods for which no owners can be traced. On these goods, of course, the expense of carriage has been incurred, in addition to the compensation paid to the owners for non-delivery, therefore, the profits are not so great as would at first appear. Claims paid under the heads of "Goods Lost," "Delayed," or "Damaged" amount to several thousands of pounds annually in the case of the big railway companies.

"WHY," writes LONDONER, "do the destitute men and women one sees at night on the Thames Embankment prefer spending their nights there to going into the casual wards of workhouses?" This is a question that has been asked before, but never satisfactorily answered; I think, though, that the writings on the subject of the life of the destitute poor of London and other great cities, which have just commenced to appear in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, will go a long way towards answering it. Miss Olive Christian Malvery, the well-known lecturer and reciter, has herself lived among the poor to find out all she could about their lives; she has spent nights in casual wards, and Salvation Army shelters, as well as on the Embankment, and anyone interested in the subject cannot do better than read her articles.

"I HAVE a great deal of writing to do," writes A. C. B., "and I save a lot of time by ignoring the custom of dotting 'i's' and crossing 't's.' You can judge the result by this letter, and I should like your opinion of it." You certainly save time by ignoring the custom. But I am sorry you ask me to base my opinion on your letter—very sorry. Do you really write all your letters like that? Wouldn't it be kinder to your friends if you hired a small boy to do the dotting and crossing after your letters had been written? We have had your letter dotted and crossed, and now like the look of it much better. In its former state, it resembled the efforts of the office spider which, having fallen into our ink the other day, took a stroll across some loose copy paper on our desk.

MANY of the names of railway stations in the United Kingdom are ordinary English words, though sometimes spelt differently, and this week I offer a gold-plated pencil-case to each of the twenty-five readers from whom I receive what I consider the most sensible sentence containing the greatest number of names of railway stations. Here is an example: *The Road through the Newmarket at Darlington Leeds to the Twenty Three Bridges near the Abbey on the West Moors.* (The road through the new market at Darlington leads to the twenty-three bridges near the abbey on the west moors.) The names of stations must be underlined, and the total number used, as well as the total number of words in the sentence, must be plainly stated. All sentences to be written on post-cards, addressed to THE RAILWAY EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and sent so as to arrive not later than by first post on Thursday, November 3rd. Competitors are asked to write their attempts on picture post-cards, which will be given to the children's hospitals after judging.

THE following amounts have come to hand for the FRESH AIR FUND since those acknowledged in the list published last week:

W. B., 1s. 6d.; M. L. M., 2s. 6d.; Clan Mathieson, 3s.; A. Thankoffering, 10s.; E. Tolley, 3d.; G. Pinder, 1s.; P. P. C. 9d.; V. Birley, 1s.; M. Birley, 1s. 9d.; P. Birley, 1s.; P. A. B., 5s. 3d.; Matt 4-32, 2s. 3d.; Bogie, 10s.; E. L., 1s.; A. and C. D., 1s. 6d.; Hilda's Father, £1 0s. 6d.; Mill Bank, 3s.; Anon., 2s.; J. Bradshaw, 1s. 6d.; Sergt. Wimberley, 10s. 6d.; T. Onions, 1s.; Eric Brighteyes, 9d.; M. Cross, 1s. 6d.; B. S. and E. G., 4s. 1d.; E. H. France, 2s. 6d.; E. W. W., 2s. 3d.; Mrs. Critchell, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; A. Friend, 10s.; Miss Barron, 9d.; Elliott and Fry, 10s. 6d.; W. T. Meek, 1s. 6d.; Soden Corbett, 15s.; L. Macpherson, 1s. 6d.; Clapton, 10s.; Anon., £1; Inasmuch, 2s. 6d.; P. 6d.; Balance from Rance, 1s. 11d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; "Polar," 6s. 6d.; E. M. Williams, 2s. 6d.; Nowisco, Calcutta, £1; J. P. B., 3s. 5d.; Better Late than Never, 2s.; Frise Winners, Border Regt., 12s.; Miss Twiss, 1s.; Lylie, 1s. 6d.; W. W., 1s.; L. Francis, 1s. 6d.; Dorothy Blackwood, 5s.; In Loving Memory of Auntie's Darling, 2s. 3d.; F. W. Farrington, £1 10s.; Anon., 9d.; Sylva, 5s.; Fumbler, 9d.; J. Christian, 2s. 3d.; L. Carter, 1s.; G. Napier, 10d.; C. Ferrie, 9d.; Capt. C. Van der Byl, £3 15s.; W. Trotter, 1s.; Four Well-wishers, 3s.; Boys S.S. Class, 9d.; Mrs. Falkner, 17s.; Another Port Elizabethan, 3s.; Percy J. Vintner, £3 2s.; N. B. Brockington, 2s.; W. Charlesworth, £1; G. E. Wilson, £1; H. S. Nisane, 2s. 6d.; Three Bullocks, 3s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Nurse Palmer, 2s. 3d.; A. B. C. and Friends, 1s. 6d.; J. H. D., 2s. 6d.; G. E. S., 8s.; G. Platt, 9d.; W. Paton, Chile, £1; H. Paton, 10s.; S. Brooks, 2s.; "Pattic," 1s.

COLLECTED: M. Jones, £3 16s.; F. A. Collier, £1; W. Foster, £5; A. H. King, 10s.; Canteen, Natal Police Force, per T. Brown, £3 10s.; Per T. Rozaris, 7s.; E. G. Bladen, 7s. 1d.; G. Williams, 7s. 6d.; S. Wand, 12s.; W. Mising, £3 0s. 9d.; S. W. Wallond, £1 1s.; J. Stedley, 2s. 6d.; Windfall, 2s. 7d.; A. Roberts, £3 7s. 6d.; J. E. Collins, £1 15s. 8d.; A. M. de Grey, 8s. 6d.; Employees, R. Thompson and Co. Ltd., 7s. 8d.; Eric and Sidney, 5s. 1d.; R. Parker, 2s. 6d.; C. Trott, 2s. 6d.; H. C. and G. W., 7s. 6d.; E. Anderson, 10s.; C. Warburton, £1; G. Sharmar, 4s.; Anon., 1s. 8d.; T. and C. Kidd, £3 17s.; M. Theo Aitken, 10s.; Sands at Morecambe, per A. Corson, £1 12s. 6d.; A. Pope, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. W. P., 3s. 6d.; M. L. Charlton, 2s. 3d.; Anon., 2s. 9d.; D. Kelly, 2s.; A. E. Davies, 5s.; E. B. Gubbin, 4s. 6d.; J. E. B., 9d.; "Merch," 1s. 6d.; F. C. Tibby and Friends, £5; "Limerick" Competition, 17s. 10d.; J. C. Badger, £1 10s.; Ronald A. McAlpin, 3s.; D. Lloyd, 4s.; M. Hannaford, 3s. 4d.; C. Noad, £1; D. Greenaway, 2s. 3d.; F. J. Monty Pinnock, £3 0s. 6d.; H. M. Lees, 5s.; H. Place, 4s. 7d.; M. Baker, 8s. 6d.; R. Jones, 1s. 8d.; Per A. Broadbent, 10s. 6d.; W. Russell, 12s.; M. Betheway, 3s. 6d.; W. Pickett, 9d.; F. Glover, 3s.; R. Watt, 4s.; F. Drury, 1s. 6d.; H. E., 9s. 8d.; A. Sellen, 4s.; C. V. Ponder, £1 17s. 6d.; Winifred Dyer, 15s.; G. Bullock, 12s.; F. W. Mundy, 5s.; D. Tanner, 13s.; A. Arstein, £2 0s. 1d.; F. W. Figgers, 10s.; J. Adams, 10s.; S. D. C., £1 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Wright Kelly, 2s.; L. M. Alfred, 4s.; G. and M. Employees, per H. Cocking, 3s.; M. Scott, 2s. 1d.; Billie Burke, £1 2s. 6d.; K. Baaten, 2s.; A. Grateful Boy, 21s.; Ella, 2s. 3d.; Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, 4s.; Anon., 3s.; W. A. Townsend, 10s. 6d.

£2,000 Insurance.

485 Claims already paid, including one of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £2,000—not for one only. £2,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

£2,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

£100 PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that such notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence. In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him or her at the time of being killed by a railway accident in any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, or provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

Subscribers who have only paid a twelve-month subscription for *PEARSON'S WEEKLY* in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

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